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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING  
ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

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AT THE ROGUES' GALLERY.

A QUEER ENCOUNTER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, FOR A FULL ACCOUNT OF WHICH TURN TO "THE BROADWAY ROUNDER," ON PAGE 6.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, June 14, 1884.

#### GREAT OFFER.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,  
*The Best Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in the World and*

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,  
*The Spiciest Dramatic and best Story Paper in America, illustrating the Sensations of the Day.*  
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#### NEXT WEEK!

METROPOLITAN MYSTERIES UNVEILED.

THE  
BROADWAY ROUNDER

GOTHAM'S SENSATIONS ILLUSTRATED  
AND DESCRIBED WITH PEN AND  
PENCIL.

#### No. IV.

OCEAN TRAMPS!

The Confidence Operators and Card Sharps who  
Operate on the Transatlantic Steamers.

WARD knows, but he won't tell.

FISH is trying his best to swim out.

BOUCICAULT is writing a play for Henry Irving. Poor Irving!

EGYPT has a new false prophet, and now Gordon is gone, sure enough.

CHICAGO is now a lively town. If you doubt it look at our double page.

CALL at Police Headquarters with "The Broadway Rouser" this week.

THE annual Horse Fraud has just closed. The awards were as unjust as usual.

THAT royal dude, Alfonso of Spain, has cigaretted himself into a consumption.

CABLE report of royal movements. Cetewayo's son has been crowned King of Zululand.

EMMA ABBOTT nominates Gen. Sherman for the Presidency. That settles Gen. Sherman.

THE Nihilists have doomed the Czar to death. They must do something to sustain their reputation, you know.

DECORATION DAY is a great holiday, but those who enjoy a rest from labor most are those whose graves are decorated.

A Boston exchange says Logan's sword is mightier than his pen. His mustache, however, beats them both.

THE Metropolitan Opera House stockholders are still looking for a sucker to take their white elephant off their hands.

LISZT is seventy-four years old, but he still plays the piano so well that he can find plenty of people to listen to him.

CREMATION is one of the burning questions of the day. The discussions about it in the press have become quite heated.

EMMA ABBOTT says she dislikes noise, an opinion in which the audiences who do not attend her performances concur.

THE power of Boston culture is illustrated by the fact that John L. Sullivan has made \$100,000 during the past seven months.

THE Utah Penitentiary contains thirty Mormons and forty-three Gentiles, but if the Mormons had their deserts Utah would be one vast penitentiary.

THE Rogues' Gallery is visited by "The Broadway Rouser" this week.

GET ready to be reformed. Moody and Sankey will sail for America early in July.

TENDER-HEARTED people whose sympathies run out after murderers, can now send their bouquets in to wife-butcher Carpenter.

NEXT week "The Broadway Rouser" will tell you all about the ocean tramps who prey on the unwary on the transatlantic steamers.

SOME dynamite fiends who had been blown up in an Indiana paper, have tried to get even by accelerating the newspaper office into space.

A MAN in Washington named Parker desires to bet that he has the largest head of any man living. We wonder whether he is a comedian or a leading man.

THE Viscount Savernake has married a chorus singer of the Comedy theatre, London. Now get ready for another ripe and racy divorce scandal in high life.

REV. MR. CUYLER says that college athletics are objectionable because they develop a thirst for drinking. So does warm weather. That is the reason we hate summer.

JOHN C. ENO is the luckiest thief we have heard of for a good while. If he had stolen for food instead of for the fun of gambling in Wall street he would have been in jail long ago.

FERDINAND WARD has an appetite that would do justice to a giant, the papers say. If the giant had any money to invest, Mr. Ward wouldn't do him the justice his appetite does.

THE newspapers announce that Kate Claxton has given over 2,500 performances of *Louise* in the "Two Orphans." She ought to play it better than she does considering the practice she has had.

You can't beat John Chinaman in the race of modern enterprise, and don't you forget it. A Chinese firm in Oregon has failed for \$50,000, without any assets worth enumerating, allee samee Melican man.

THE State Board of Health has again discovered that the milk and flesh of swill-fed cattle are unhealthy. The public will now wait with interest to discover what it is going to do about it.

SINCE Becky Jones went to jail because she wouldn't give the family secrets away to the lawyers, she has been giving them away very freely to the reporters. The press ought to construe this into a compliment.

Now that the theatrical season is over, the Brooklyn papers assure us that amusements are booming across the river. This ought to be pleasing news to the managers who lost money over there during the winter and spring.

EX-SENATOR SHARON at last has testified that his relations with Sarah Althea Hill, who claims to have been his wife, were her employment at a salary of \$300 a month to live with him. From all the facts of the case we should judge Miss Hill to have been overpaid.

Boston is a highly-moral and classically elevated city, but the gas companies there seem to be on a level with those elsewhere. They have recently been detected in a wholesale bribery of the legislature, and the odor of the act is as strong as that of the material they grow rich by swindling the public with.

We are going to have a terrible load of literary opinions unloaded on us next fall. One thousand British savants and one hundred members of Parliament have announced their intention of visiting America this summer, and of course each of the 1,100 will write a book telling all he thinks he knows about America.

THE Town Council of Decatur, Ga., a town which forty years ago refused to allow a railroad station to be built there, and thus made a way for Atlanta, six miles further up, passed two ordinances last week, one forbidding children to play marbles on the streets, and the other allowing hogs to run at large. The Georgians have evidently made up their minds to be a moral people, at least as moral as a community of idiots can be.

THE *Guardian* is a new weekly devoted to the interests of the American soldier. It is a model paper of its kind, and is certain to permanently establish itself. All Americans interested in our National Guard should subscribe to it. Col. Gouverneur Carr is editor, and he has an able assistant in the National Guard news in Capt. E. De Kay Townsend. Read one number of the *Guardian*, and you will want them all.

THE new Civil Code of Mexico includes a divorce law, divorce not having hitherto been recognized in Mexico. Mexico is a Roman Catholic country, and divorce is not sanctioned by the Church; but, as the Church has been completely separated from the State, and only civil marriage is recognized, it is a logical consequence that divorce should have a place in the statutes. To deny a man or woman the right of divorce on proper grounds, is about as rational as it would be to prevent them from repairing mistakes when they discovered that they had made one.

#### FAIR DEALING FOR ALL.

The lot of the referee and stakeholder, like that of the policeman in Gilbert & Sullivan's opera, is not always a happy one. Indeed, it is more often otherwise, as that of the referee in the Steele and Herbert ten-mile foot-race proves.

The facts of this race are already tolerably well known to the public. The first arrangement between the contestants was made in this office, and Richard K. Fox was appointed stakeholder and referee. When the date of the race arrived Herbert appeared on the field, but refused to carry out his agreement on the ground that he would not be allowed fair play by the spectators. Steele went over the course in due form and claimed the money.

His claim was a just one. Herbert had made a bargain and failed to keep it. But between themselves the men at a meeting in the POLICE GAZETTE office arranged to let the stakes remain in the stakeholder's hands to be decided by another race. The second race was a repetition of the first. Herbert was on the ground, but again refused to run, although assured of fair play by the referee representing Richard K. Fox. Again Steele covered the ground and claimed the stakes, which were handed over to him by check from this office.

The facts in this case are clear. The justice of the award is equally so. Two men had made a bargain which one failed to keep and the other claimed the forfeit. The law under which events of this sort are decided is simple enough and the stakeholder in making the award to Steele obeyed it.

Through his counsel, Herbert now threatens Richard K. Fox with a suit for the recovery of his half of the stakes. We can only observe to this that we are perfectly willing to be sued for doing our duty.

When the POLICE GAZETTE, through its proprietor, undertook the onerous and thankless task of acting as referee and stakeholder in sporting events, it did so with the full knowledge of the inconvenience and responsibility it was incurring. It assumed the burden for the sake of the result. Its desire to advance the interests of our sports overcame any selfish fears of the annoyance of its position.

Having undertaken this duty it proposes to perform it. When two men make a contract and post a forfeit or a stake in our hands, they may be sure that justice will be done them. The man who wins will get the stakes, and no one else. Nor will the threat of the law swerve us from the path of honesty or frighten us from the execution of our obligations to those who trust us and ourselves.

Fair dealing and fearless fair dealing are what all men may expect from us, every time.

#### OUTWITTING A WIDOW.

The arrest of Charles Monroe at the instance of Mrs. Clarke, of Dodge county, Ga., on the charge of assault and battery, has developed a romance in which a daughter's attractions won away the allegiance of her mother's betrothed. Monroe had been a visitor to the Clarke residence and was engaged to marry the widow, while his interest in Lula, the daughter, was of a far different character such as to make the old lady rejoice when she thought how happy they would all be in the future. This dream of happiness was suddenly dispelled when the announcement was made that Charles and Lula had departed for Eastman, where they hoped to dispense with the elder lady's presence. Mrs. Clarke was infuriated, and, hastily procuring a horse and buggy, made hot pursuit of the guilty couple. The chase lasted through the night, and the next morning the late woman reached the place half an hour after the eloping pair, and just in time to stop Charles, who was starting to the Ordinary's office to procure a marriage license. A warrant was sworn out against Monroe, charging him with assault and battery. When the Sheriff was about to take him to jail, Lula begged to be allowed to go with him. She declared she would follow her lover through all adversity. Friends came to the rescue, and signing Monroe's bond for future appearance, he was released. Some friends managed to separate the mother and daughter long enough for the young couple to get together again, when the marriage took place, which made Mrs. Clarke a mother-in-law instead of a wife.

#### VANDERBILT AND HIS VISITORS.

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, as everybody knows, has a magnificent collection of pictures. He gave quite a number of receptions this season to which the public had access by card. They took advantage of his hospitality, but in such a way as to make it probable that Mr. Vanderbilt will hold no more receptions next year.

## COURTNEY AND ROSS.

### Rough Water Stops Their Proposed Race.

A Big Crowd at Oak Point on Decoration Day Disappointed.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The great race between Courtney and Ross which was to have been rowed over the Oak Point course on Decoration Day did not come off. The men were there, the spectators were there, and every arrangement was made for what promised to be one of the most exciting rowing contests in the history of boating. But the elements were against them. There was a stiff northwest wind blowing, and the water at no time during the hours set for the racing of the race, between 2 o'clock and 7 o'clock, was in condition for rowing.

But nevertheless the crowd gathered to witness the race enjoyed themselves, and, in spite of the disappointment, went home in a merry mood, and many of them with more money in their pockets than they would have had had the race taken place. Fully 30,000 people were in and around the grounds. About 15,000 of the crowd were gathered before 3 o'clock. They strolled up and down the lawns and looked at the lead-colored patches of water that could occasionally be seen between the spread of vessels and boats loaded to the rail with men and boys who had come to see the race.

The steamers, barges, and tugs and launches plowed their way through the water with an apparent disregard for the small craft before them. The schooners, cutters, sloops, cat-boats and catamarans darted along with bellying sails and wet decks in a way that delighted the spectators. Eight-oared barges, pair-oared gigs, Whitehall boats, and canoes were propelled by men in variegated shirts and close-fitting caps, while in every direction whistles, yaws, dingies, fish boats and scows were floated or rowed about by men of every known color and dress.

About 3 o'clock Ross came down the lawn from the hotel and entered the boat-house almost unrecognized. He found that his trainer, Plaisted, had tacked thin slats of wood around the washboards of his boat, making an overhanging gunwale to keep the water out. After telling the men in the boat-house that he was feeling first-rate and that no reason existed for postponing the race, he walked out on the platform facing the water and looked about. The bobbing boats and the roughened water made him smile, but he said nothing. When he went down on the float and ordered the buoys put in place for the start he was recognized by some men on the pier. His reception was warm.

Time-keepers P. J. Donohue and Ed. Plummer were promptly on hand, but Referee Harry Buermeyer had failed to show up at 4 o'clock. Between 3 and 4 o'clock the wind shifted to the south and quieted down a little, but it soon came around to the west again and blew harder than ever. People began to look at their watches and ask when the start would be.

When the question was repeated to Courtney, in his room that overlooks the water from the second story of the hotel, he said:

"I am ready. I have nerved myself up for this race and it's too bad. No one can row in such water as that. When the referee orders us out I'll go, but it'll be a swimming match."

In the boat house Mr. James Pilkington asked Ross what he thought about the water. Ross said:

"This race has got to be rowed. See the big crowd. It won't do to disappoint all these people."

Pilkington, Nagle, and the time-keepers consulted over the situation, chose Mr. Samuel B. Hazard, of the Dautless Boat Club, referee, and then decided that the men should go out in their boats and have a look at the water. In ten minutes Ross ran down the bridge to the float, carrying his cedar shell with him. It was then about 6:30 o'clock. The crowd yelled and cheered and shouted, while the steamers raised a tremendous racket with their whistles. Ross took a short turn among the boats, followed by Plaisted, who also was saluted by the crowd and by the steamers, under the supposition that he was Courtney or Ross, few knowing the men by sight.

Then Courtney came down to the water and was also vigorously saluted, but he did not display any anxiety to make the race. The referee went into his boat and started out to cruise over the course, while Mr. C. F. Naething, the judge of the finish, took his position. B. B. Brown tossed up a half-dollar with Plaisted for the choice of position and won. There were some other indications that the race would come on, and the crowd closed down to the water's edge along shore filled the grand stand by climbing through and over the seats, flooded the pier and sat astride of the peaked roof of every shanty on the ground.

The men in the shells pulled through the water for a time, and then, about 7 o'clock, Courtney, after speaking to the referee, rowed back to the boat-house, landed, and went into the boat-house, and Brown emptied the water out of the shell and carried it in.

The agreement between the oarsmen called for a race between 2 and 7 o'clock. All the same, the crowd believed that the race was off because Courtney had backed out. They tried to get up to the boat-house windows to shout their long-restrained indignation, but Sergt. Keating, of the Thirty-third precinct, drove them away until their numbers became large enough to swamp him, and he had to call for help. There was considerable excitement for awhile, and Courtney was escorted to the hotel by a squad of policemen.

Referee Hazard stepped on to the platform of the boat-house and said:

"I have been over the course to the stake-boat. Courtney did not come in till I told him to. The water was not in any condition for rowing. I have been in shells myself long enough to know. It is very bad outside there, where the bill and the boats to not protect the water. I have ordered the race to take place to-morrow afternoon between 2 and 7 o'clock, if the water permits."

E. H. BULSEN, of Ida Hill, Troy, N. Y., recently ate fifty clams in 20m, after eating a heavy supper of mush and milk. This was done with his overcoat on and for a wager.



## STAGE WHISPERS.

## Latest Spring Fashions in Stage and Green-Room Scandals.

## Roasting Their Friends and Flaying Their Foes Alive, With All the Red-Hot Trimmings.

**LINGARD.**—Mrs. Lingard has fizzled out in London and finds it hard to get an engagement. Poor thing!

**VINTON.**—Horace Vinton is to go starring next season. Horace is a fair actor, a good fellow and as transparent as a pane of plate-glass.

**BANGS.**—Fanny Bangs' suit comes to trial shortly. Fanny expects to prove that she is a perfect lady, no matter what her wife says of her.

**DREW.**—Frank Drew, once a famous comedian, is at present an inmate of the Philadelphia House of Correction on a charge of habitual drunkenness.

**STAGNO.**—Abbey's alternative tenor, Stagno, has just achieved a magnificent failure in Paris. Abbey looked on with a grin of demonic satisfaction.

**CALLENDER.**—Callender's Georgia Minstrels are an immense fizzle in London. Too bad. What will become of the bright and beautiful Charlie Frohman?

**MATTHEWS.**—Brander Matthews, the literary dude, has reached London and been cruelly snubbed by the literary dudes of the British metropolis. So mote it be.

**CAREY.**—Eleanor Carey has followed A. M. Palmer into retirement. She has withdrawn from the Union Square company, and says that Shookandcollier is real mean.

**MANTELL.**—Bob Mantell will be starred in Watts Phillips' play, "Canulla's Husband." It will be called "A Moonlight Marriage," and be ascribed to Davy Belasco during his American tour.

**BELGARDE.**—The charming young Harlem Jewess, who calls herself Adele Belgarde, has signed with Jefferson. Miss Belgarde began her professional career as a star. She will probably end it as part of the tail of a comet.

**PERUGINI.**—The matchless Perugini, the idol of all the old ladies of New York, has sailed for Europe. He threatens not to let his light shine on us for another fifteen years. This is a great blow, but we will try and bear it.

**COULDOCK.**—Old Poppy Couldock was so "overcome" at a performance of "Hazel Kirke," recently, that he was unable to go on with the play. The accident was attributed by some to the weather, and by others to pleurisy.

**BERNHARDT.**—Sarah Bernhardt has just made a hit in a French version of "Macbeth." It was translated by her present lover, Jean Richeplu. The French newspapers say that he translated it with the aid of the "Slang Dictionary."

**MCDONOUGH.**—Tom McDonough is happy again. He is suing somebody, and in a position to call that somebody by offensive names. This is the very climax of enjoyment with Tom McDonough. It is, in fact, the only amusement he has got left.

**DOTTI.**—Mlle. Dotti, the dude's delight, went to Europe, as might have been expected, with the Maplesons. Her husband, as might have been expected also, did not go. Mrs. Mapleson says that in his instance the race has been to the Swift.

**MOORE.**—"Pony" Moore was married at the Oyster Bay House (Third avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street) last week to Miss Louise Newman, of London. The flow of champagne and bad language is said to have been appalling.

**MESTAYER.**—Bill Mestayer, The Man-in-Love with Himself, is going to run a theatre in Twenty-third street. This hot weather there seems to be a good deal more chance of Mestayer's running into oleomargarine or some other form of liquid grease.

**CASTLETON.**—Kate Castleton got married the other day. The name of the thrice-happy groom is said to be Phillips. Luckily a California divorce comes cheap, and the fair Katharine will not be long out of the matrimonial market if all signs point right.

**ARTHUR.**—Arthur Wallack has returned from Europe. There is a dark and dreadful rumor current, to the effect that he thinks of going upon the stage. It will be a great *deu!*, and the egg market and cabbage-heads will feel a corresponding thrill when it comes off.

**KEMBLE.**—Frankie Kemble, a very pretty girl, has given up the dramatic for the operatic stage. One of the brightest and most promising of sopranos, she has become a mere chorus-singer in "Madam Piper." There must be more in comic opera than meets the eye.

**JANSEN.**—Marie Jansen, a pretty piping-voiced girl, who, it was inaccurately reported, was the wife of Jim Barton, has gone to England to join Wyndham's company. It is said that a Princeton dude who has been "dead gone" on her for several months, went on the same steamer.

**WORRELL.**—A younger Worrell sister has turned up. Her name is Rosita, and she joins Mr. and Mrs. George Knight next week. As a matter of fact, she is not a Worrell sister at all, but a Worrell niece—being a daughter of the fascinating Jennie, who lives abroad in fine style.

**COLOMBIER.**—Colombier's new tragedy, of which so much has been said in mitigation of her atrocious "Sarah Barnum," turns out to have been written by a needy French author, who sent it to her to read. More than one American reputation has been made in the same way.

**JANUSCHKE.**—Mme. Fanny Januschek has fortunately bought a new play, in which she will represent several characters. Those who are familiar with Fanny's appearance are quite prepared to see her play all the characters at once—for there is a good deal of Fanny to go round.

**GRAU.**—Sam Grau has left John McCaull at last. Grau was the best and most energetic business manager McCaull ever had and served him faithfully for years. So did Jesse Williams, who has also

abandoned the doughty Southerner. What is the matter with McCaull, anyhow?

**TRACY.**—Helen Tracy is still marriageable, and has been photographed lately in a costume which frankly leaves nothing to the imagination of prospective suitors. Nobody who sees one of those pictures and marries Helen will be able to complain that he was personally deceived in the lady.

**EYRE.**—Wallack is evidently giving himself Eyres in his old age. Not content with having both Gerald and Wilmot in his company the present season, he has engaged Miss Sophie Eyre in place of Rose Coghlan for next year. She cannot be a worse actress than the Rose Coghlan of these degenerate days.

**GROVER.**—Len Grover gets mad when he is introduced as the author of his own misfortunes. At the same time he is more than complimented when he is presented to a stranger as the author of Len Grover, Jr. Nobody, by the way, seems inclined to dispute the originality of that invention. The copyright is quite secure.

**SOTHERN.**—Lytton Sothern's new play is one which his father intended to star in. It is, intrinsically, very funny, and even Lytton's failure to display any talent in it has its laughable side. Young Sothern, by the way, will never come near the old man as an artist, however cleverly he may imitate him in his relations to the female sex.

**COGHLAN.**—It is whispered that the real reason why Rose Coghlan has left Wallack's, is that she and her husband, a hitherto purely mythical person named Brown, have made up their differences, and are going to live together again. They must both have seen a good deal of the world since their separation, and the POLICE GAZETTE gladly congratulates them both.

**DONNELLY.**—John Donnelly, of the Bijou Opera House, receives on an average three presents a week from the chorus girls of that cozy little establishment. The beauties of the company are ready to scratch each other's eyes out for the monopoly of one of John's smiles. John, however, is not a monopolist. On the contrary, quite the reverse. Hence his presents.

**WARD.**—Genevieve Ward has made a trip all round the world, and it is pleasant to learn that the dear old creature enjoyed it. She must be getting quite well into the seventies, must be the airy fairy Genevieve, seeing that she was singing as Mme. Querrabella when Bertha Welby was a mere child, a period which, as everybody knows, takes one far back into last century.

**CLAXTON.**—Whenever Kate Claxton is in doubt as to what will take out a queer week's business, she puts up the "Two Orphans." Things having fizzled somewhat at the Third Avenue she again announces that time-worn and moth-eaten original of all recent melodramas. If she keeps on, it will become necessary to adopt the old travesty on its name and call it "Two Often."

**TEARLE.**—One of the agreeable consequences of being an actress is that all your most private affairs become public property. It must be very pleasant for poor George Osmond Tearle, for instance, to read in all the theatrical papers, so-called, that "Mrs. Osmond Tearle, nee Minnie Conway, will be obliged to stay at home in anticipation of an interesting family event."

**ANDERSON.**—According to the veracious Ham Griffin, Mary Anderson drew \$300,000 in seven months in London. It is rumored that Ham is on a salary nowadays, and no longer does out \$3 once in a while to his stepdaughter when she wants a little of her earnings. Owing to the almost insuperable prejudice which exists in Europe against the American hog, Ham is not having as agreeable a time as he anticipated.

**GAG.**—Adam Forepaugh has got up a clever "gag" to the effect that certain parties have tried to shoot his so-called white elephant, the "Light of Asia." He has engaged detectives to look out for the fellows who want to extinguish the Asiatic luminary, and hints that rival circus managers are at the bottom of the assassinatory scheme. If there really is a general design to shoot elephants, George Forepaugh's life is in danger.

**MEYER.**—Mucous Meyer will not be Irving's manager next season. In spite of his name, Mucous does not stick. One Palsy or Paralysis or some such name will be Irving's American representative. Henry Abbey will not be interested in him at all. Lucky Henry Abbey—for Irving's next season in America will be a cruel frost. He was an ass, anyhow, to let go his grip on London, even for half a season—see if he wasn't.

**BIDWELL.**—Manager "Dave" Bidwell is in New York. Manager "Dave" Bidwell is the corpulent old gentleman who bears the relation to old Plum-Duff which an entire pod of red pepper does to a single grain of "the black variety." And yet, once upon a time, he was chased three blocks by a little bartender, who didn't weigh over 100 pounds. Weight will tell—especially when you are trying to run away from a smaller man.

**GERARD.**—Florence Gerard has taken her strained knee to Europe. Florence, it will be remembered, was the young woman whom John Stetson introduced to New York as a great English actress, and whom he afterward exposed, when he had quarreled with her, as an ex-serio-comic singer, who used to perform for him at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston. Stetson is a very downy manager—quite as downy, in fact, as a green gosling.

**PYMPLETON.**—Eben Pympleton, the dear thing, is to spend his summer in England in the society of several dukes and earls of his acquaintance, who fairly die of *ennui* over his absence in America. Eben's brother, the hack-driving Pympleton, of Boston, does not join in the aristocratic revelry which awaits the younger and more aesthetically Pympleton. He is content, the rude, uncouth creature, to drive his back at a dollar and a half per hour.

**RICE.**—Mark Tapley Rice is in ecstasies. He says he has not been so happy in years, and his friends attribute his joyfulness to the fact that Kate Castleton has one and got married. Kate Castleton single is said to have been the most troublesome and exacting young woman a manager ever tried to get along with—but Kate married must be twice as kittle-cattle to shoe. It is the prospect of unending rows with her all next season that makes Rice so chipper and so gay.

**SALSURY.**—The wonderful resemblance of the appearance and the acting of Nate Salsbury (sole

proprietor of Salsbury's Troubadours) to Wm. H. Seymour, is commented on all over the country. Seymour has made a great hit as *Jabez Greene* in "Storm Beaten," and Salsbury receives proportionate newspaper praise in consequence. Of course, naturally, Salsbury is nothing like so clever a comedian as Seymour, but his imitation of the latter is almost faultless.

**HELLER.**—Haldee Heller, who was not Robert Heller's sister, but his something else, is getting a good deal of newspaper sympathy over the death of her mother. Haldee used to be a barmaid, and after a long and prosperous connection with the clever Robert, and a failure to marry the amazing Warren Wright, returned to barmaidhood three years ago. She practices prestidigitation nowadays with bottles and tumblers in one of Spiers & Pond's refectory establishments.

**BARRETT.**—Lawrence Barrett attributes his failure in London to the fact that Henry Abbey failed to "push him" personally. This is the way with all of them. They claim to depend altogether on their artistic merits, and when they fizzle, they complain that their business wasn't "worked up." As a matter of fact, Barrett owes his pitiful break-down in London to a couple of causes—his mediocre ability and the silly story started in his behalf to the effect that the Princess of Wales was "mashed" on him.

**HAVERLY.**—Jack Haverly being down the whole "mob" goes for him tooth and toe-nail. When Jack Haverly comes to the fore again everybody will rush to proclaim that he is the greatest manager and the only honest man atop of this globe. It is refreshing, by the way, to remember that John Stetson is rapidly qualifying to have the truth told about him. One more season at the Fifth Avenue, and "Gentleman John" will learn more about himself and his standing in popular estimation than he has any idea of at present.

**MULLE.**—Ida Mulle, who wore almost nothing as *Cupid* in "Orpheus and Eurydice," has succumbed to the influences of the hot weather and wears even less. It is confidently affirmed by a Western newspaper that her wardrobe could be packed into a lady's thimble. Maggie Arlington of the same company is anxiously awaiting the day when the exigencies of her art will enable her to go on the stage in the full dress of her ancestress, Eve. The only difference between Eve and Maggie would be, that while Eve was naked and ashamed, mere nudity wouldn't faze Margaret a particle.

**LEIGHTON.**—A very pretty woman and a very queer actress is Miss Rose Leighton, who has hurriedly gone back to England to defend a divorce suit, pushed against her by her husband, a little man, who is desperately funny everywhere except on the stage. His name is Forrester, and he brings some regular theatrical accusations against her—which she will disprove by bringing evidence that he is quite as bad himself. To explain her absence, her theatrical friends have fallen back upon an old "gag." They say she has gone to England to take possession of a great fortune just left her by an aunt.

**DUFF.**—Young Plum-Duff, of the Broadway Pie-bakery, is said to be quite cast down by the failure of "A Night in Venice." That wonderful old man, the elder Plum-Duff, is said to be weakening at last, in his son's desperate efforts to achieve a position as an operatic manager. He has paid the bills for three years—with much growling and cursing, it is true—but he has paid them, none the less. The fizzle of "A Night in Venice," however, coupled with a more than ordinarily infuriating attack of gout, has made him register a vow that henceforward Plum-Duff, junior, must forage for himself, operatically.

**DOUGLASS.**—Fred Douglass says he has gone out of politics, and that he is devoting his last active years to the development of a colored tragedian, who, says Douglass, is already a much greater actor than Booth or Barrett. While this is not a very extravagant claim, we are disposed to look on Mr. Douglass' scheme with a good deal of distrust. Colored men, as a rule, prefer such honest industries as kalsomining and chimney-sweeping to the silly and dishonorable "profession" of the actor. Frederick is probably the victim of a clever impostor, and the chap who wants to be mistaken for a colored tragedian is, most likely, some unwashed actor, who has been accumulating his complexion for weeks in the ale vaults of Union Square.

**MAY QUEEN.**—What a silly, spoony, humbugging advertisement of "May Blossom" was the Children's May Festival at Central Park! Everything had been carefully rehearsed beforehand on the stage of the Madison Square, and what looked to the very green and unsophisticated observer like a real out-and-out child's merry-making, was a mere dramatic performance, after a cut-and-dried pattern, arranged to catch a little gratuitous advertising in the papers. The latter fell into the trap beautifully, and "May Blossom" and Belasco were correspondingly "puffed" without money and without price. Old P. T. Barnum will have to go and take lessons of Belasco as an advertiser if he keeps on developing "smartness" at his present rate.

**SHOOKANDCOLLIER.**—It is darkly rumored that Shookandcollier will only have one company on the road next season. Shookandcollier, by the way, is the enterprising and able manager who says that he keeps a critic on his salary list. If a critic be really a man who has failed in everything, the salaried critic of Shookandcollier must be little Cazauran, who has written the two worst plays on record and talked more on the subject of dramatic construction than any man living. It was Shookandcollier's predecessor, A. M. Palmer, by the way, who said that all little Cazauran was good for "on the literary staff" of the Union Square theatre was to make bad translations of good plays. At the same time nobody will grudge little Cazauran his situation who knows the tenure on which he holds it.

**JUST SO.**—Brooks & Dickson have gone back to their original business as dramatic agents, and will hereafter devote most of their energies to finding engagements for actors and pocketing the commissions thereon. Brooks & Dickson, it will be remembered, started out three years ago with the intention of ultimately owning the whole earth. As their present possessions seem to be limited to Jim Morrissey, their gigantic scheme seems to have miscarried some. It is not known, by the way, what they are going to do with Morrissey. If they were only going to add a dime museum annex to their other enterprises, we could understand why they still hang on to him. As it is, the reason of their devotion to the anomalous James remains a dark, insoluble mystery.

## AN APOLLO--IN HIS MIND.

## A Giddy Masher of Fifty Thrashed For Writing Love-Letters to Girls.

Julius Britting is one of the firm of Britting Bros., piano dealers at 137 West Sixth street, Cincinnati. Julius is about fifty, but notwithstanding his advanced age he considers himself a masher. He has pretty side-whiskers, which in a measure hide from view a rather large kisser. His figure is not at all commanding, but imagination goes a great way, and Julius imagines himself an Apollo in figure.

Some time during last week he had occasion to call at the store of Bell, Miller & Co., probably to purchase a pair of socks, and then again, he may have been after corsets. However, he called at the store, and while making his purchase, his eyes alighted on a very pretty young saleslady employed by the house. Now the young lady, strange as it may appear, was not attracted by the giddy Julius, but he, poor fool, imagined that she was madly in love with him. He left the store, and, going to his place of business, composed the following epistle to one of the young lady clerks of the establishment:

ESTEEMED MISS SALES LADY No. 46—Will you please have the kindness and hand the inclosed to that German girl I was talking to the other day, next to you on same counter, and oblige, yours truly,

J. BRITTING.

Another envelope in the letter bore the superscription, "To the German Girl." This was received in due time by saleslady No. 46. On receipt of the letter and contents, friends of both ladies were consulted. In the presence of several of the attaches of the house the letter was opened and its contents read by the floor-walker. The envelope addressed to the "German Girl" contained the following:

CINCINNATI, May 21, 1884.

ESTEEMED MISS—I wish to ask if you have already a beau; if not, how would you like me for one? My cousin has left the city, and I can't come down and buy anything in your store for some time. If you are inclined to make the acquaintance, come to the store Thursday or Friday morning from half-past six to eight o'clock, as I am in all alone. If you like to come, don't be bashful. Yours truly,

JULIUS BRITTING.

Masher Julius sent a love-letter to Miss Voigt, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Fred Voigt, proprietor of the Queen City Hotel. The latter received the note and opened it. It read as follows:

ESTEEMED MISS VOIGT—I saw you walking alone last night past the Atlantic Garden, but you looked at nobody. I want to know if you already have a beau? If not, how would you like me for one?

Yours truly, JULIUS BRITTING.

A son of Mr. Voigt was shown the letter, and he immediately went to the store of the masher. Julius was found busily engaged in attending to his duties. Voigt, Jr., pale with rage, pulled the letter from his pocket and asked for an explanation from its author. Britting turned red and pale by turns, and tried to stammer out an apology, and then broke down completely and begged for mercy. The irate brother would not have it that way, and he laid the squirming Julius on a piano and proceeded to give him a sound thrashing.

The father then got it into his head that Julius had not yet had enough, and he walked over to the enemy's camp. Julius, smarting with pain from his first whipping, capied the old man coming, and bolting the front door, he made a hasty exit through the rear of the store, and climbing a fence made good his escape. A crowd of nearly one hundred persons were attracted by the disturbance, and when they learned the cause all were in favor of treating the letter-writer to a coat of tar and feathers.

## FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 60, out Saturday, May 31, contains: Beauty on the Beast; Central Park equestrianism as a fashionable exercise; how some people ride for pleasure and others don't get as much fun out of it as their horses do, as noted down in a *Week's Doings* artist's sketch-book. Doing the Slims: the latest society racket introduced from London; from the Fifth avenue feast to the Five Points famine: how misery is made a show of to provide our blase aristocracy with a new sensation; sample episodes of a slumming party; superbly illustrated. Robbers of Graves: prison confessions of a professional body-snatcher; the cemetery ghoul and their high-toned allies; how the doctors help to defy the law; some sample exploits; magnificently illustrated. "Billy, the Boxer;" or, A Life's Mystery; a romance of real life and crime in New York; by Edwin F. De Nye. The Dogs of War; canine heroes the historians have overlooked; by Alfred Trumble. What to Drink. On Der Square. Referee. Bill Board. Prowler. Prompter. And no end of sparkle and spice.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$6.00.

## JAMES SEELEY.

[With Portrait.]

James Seeley is a wonderful trick oarsman. His racing record has been confined to Victoria, New South Wales, and he has rowed with no one of any note but Cotford (who rowed Lee), and was defeated. He again rowed Cotford, with a slight start, and proved victorious. He has rowed single, double and four-oared races, and in the majority proved successful. James Seeley was born in Victoria (British Columbia) in 1860. He is 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and weighs 165 pounds.

Hanlan offers to back him against any trick oarsman in the world, outside of his rowing abilities to perform more and difficult feats in an ordinary 11 or 12-ft. shell. Hanlan discredited Seeley's performance till he had seen them, when he declared them wonderful.

## MAJOR.

[With Portrait.]

Major is a thoroughbred bull terrier, the property of Mr. John O'Neill, of 1928 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa., the winner of fourteen battles, three years old, weight, 32 pounds, bred from the celebrated Bony, and grandson of the original Nelson. His last battle was fought at Lancaster, Pa., with dog Benny, brother of Jack Napoleon. It lasted 1 hour and 55 minutes and ended in the death of Benny.



**Wesley Johnson.**

Wesley Johnson, convicted in February last of the double murder last October of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Williams, of Fulton county, Ohio, was hanged at Napoleon, Ohio, May 29. He made a full confession to his spiritual adviser. The confession is in substance that Johnson, who is only twenty-three years old, and has served one term in the penitentiary, became enamored of a wanton, who threatened to elope with a rival unless he (Johnson) could raise a certain sum of money by a certain date, Oct. 23, 1883.

Johnson knowing that young Williams had been selling off his property, went to his house on the night of Oct. 23, saw Williams go to the barn to feed his horses, and deliberately chopped him down in his tracks with an ax. He then went to the house.

The door was opened by Mrs. Williams, who supposed it was her husband returning from the barn. On seeing Johnson she screamed and ran, pursued by the murderer, with the blood dripping from the ax which he had used to kill her husband. She fled to an inner room and begged piteously for her life and that of her little six-weeks-old babe, asleep in the bed; but all to no purpose. The murderer knocked her down with the ax, and then buried it in her head three times up to the helve. He then ransacked the house, obtaining only

**RUM DID IT.**

C. B. WARING, OF DUTCH KILLS, LONG ISLAND, WHILE IN A DRUNKEN FRENZY MURDERS HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, GEORGE B. FREUND.

brother, putting three or four bullet-holes in his body. Buford then went down stairs and sent to the police barracks, asking that an officer be detailed to arrest him. He awaited the officer's arrival and accompanied him to a cell, smoking a cigar.

The coroner's jury found a verdict of justifiable homicide.

**Freeland.**

This race-horse, who has made such a great reputation for himself, is a five-year-old bay gelding, with three white ankles and a broad blaze on his face. He is sired by Longfellow, out of Belle Knight. He was bred and raised by Mr. F. B. Harper at the famous Nantura stock farm, the home of the great sires, Longfellow and Ten Broeck. Freeland was not raced as a two-year-old, but made his first appearance as a three-year-old at Lexington spring meeting of 1882, winning his first race, the rich Phoenix Hotel stakes, in fine style, following up his victorious commencement by also winning the Maiden stakes, the Louisville stakes, and Fall City stakes. He started eight times as a three-year-old, winning four; was second twice, third once, and unplaced once. His winnings for the year amounted to nearly \$4,000. In 1883, as a four-year-old, he was only fairly successful, starting no less than twenty-five times, winning ten; was second twice, third three times, and unplaced

**GERALD T. TULLY,**

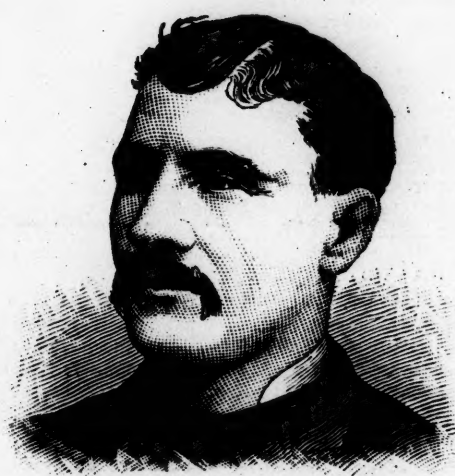
AN ALLEGED ENGLISH DEFAULTER RECENTLY RECOGNIZED AND ARRESTED IN NEW YORK.

**ABRAHAM DOUGLASS,**

ACCUSED OF AN OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT UPON A RESPECTABLE LADY OF BROOKLYN, L. I.

**DAVID J. DEAN,**

KILLED BY HIS BROTHER FOR THE SEDUCTION OF HIS NIECE, AT SAVANNAH, GA.

**WESLEY JOHNSON,**

HANGED AT NAPOLEON, OHIO, MAY 29, FOR THE MURDER OF THE WILLIAMS FAMILY.

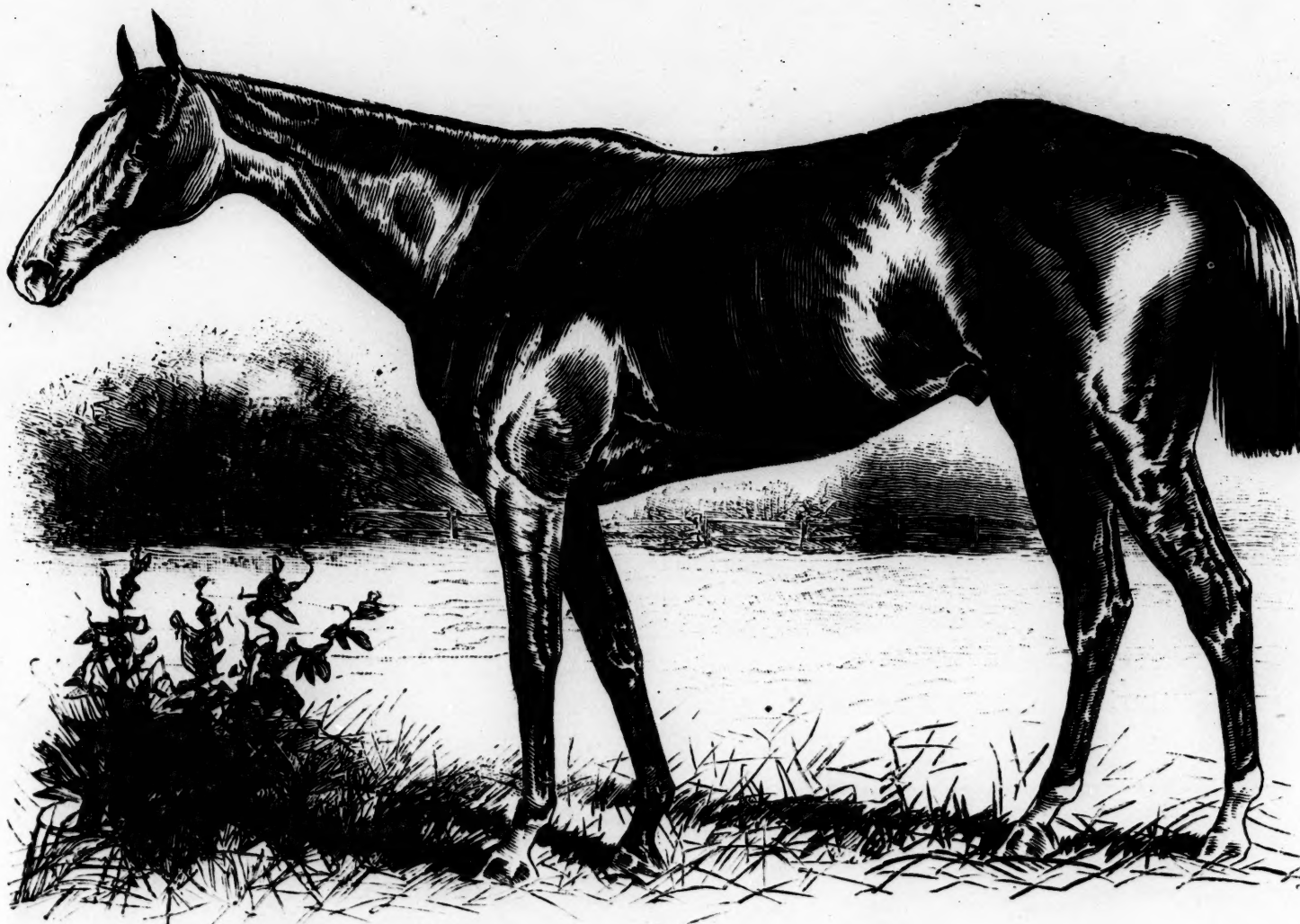
about \$50, and fled. Two days after he was arrested on suspicion, on account of some articles having been seen in his possession belonging to the murdered couple, and was subsequently tried and convicted. The crime in detail was one of the most horrible and revolting in criminal history, and cold-blooded beyond parallel in the annals of the State. Johnson lays all the blame upon the woman, whom he loved with an infatuation almost idolatrous.

**David J. Dean.**

At Savannah, Ga., May 21, David J. Dean was shot and killed by his brother, Buford, for seducing a daughter of the latter.

David was an ex-policeman and Buford a policeman employed by the Ocean Steamship Company. Buford was led to surmise that one of his daughters was in a delicate condition, and it was hinted that his brother David was the seducer.

A physician verified the suspicions. The father then made his brother and daughter face each other and confess their sin. He then procured a revolver and "went for" his

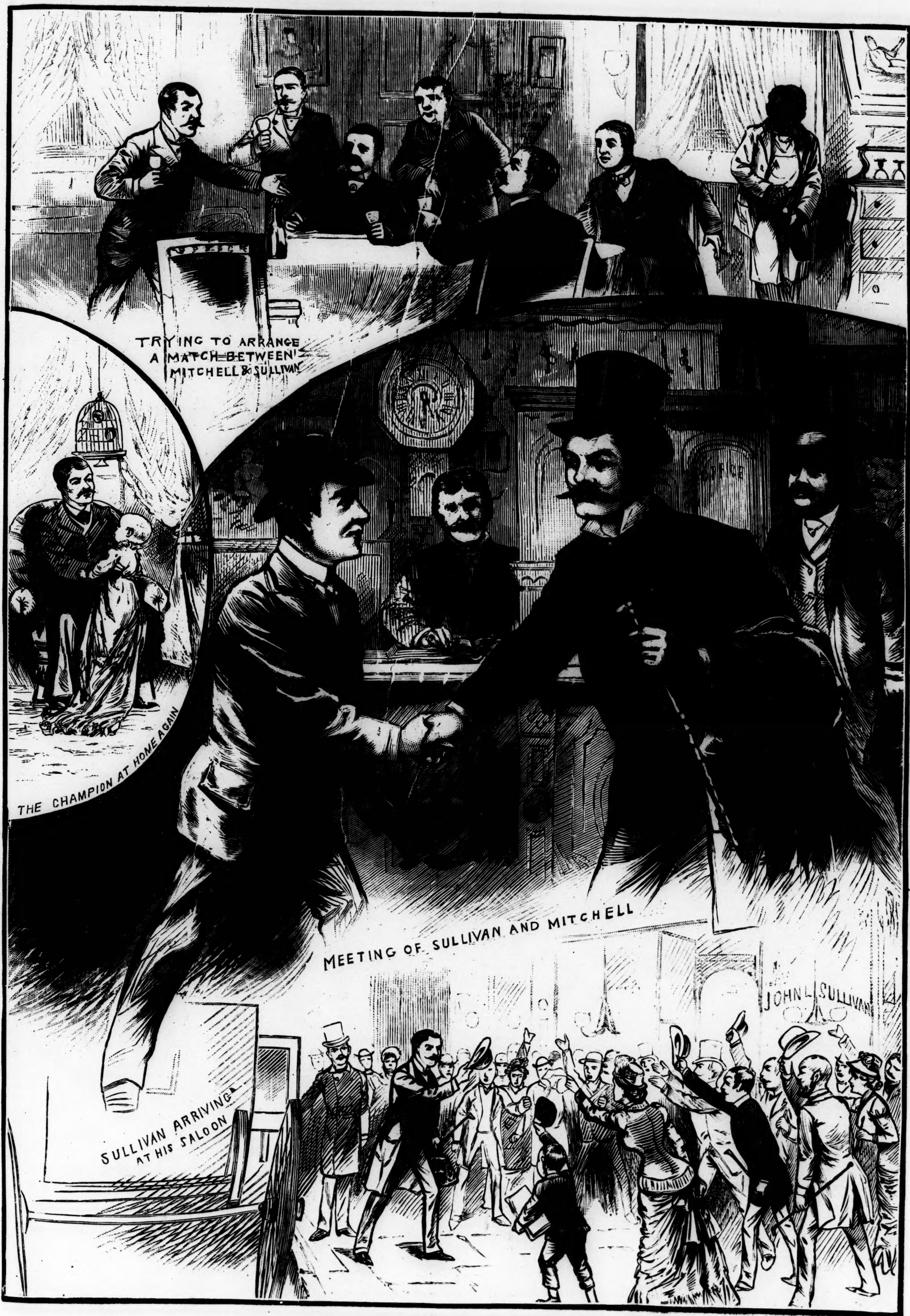
**FREELAND,**

THE CELEBRATED WESTERN RACE-HORSE, WINNER OF THE DIXIANA AND MERCHANTS' STAKES AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

ten times; his total winnings for the year being \$5,350. He was purchased that year by Mr. Ed. Corrigan, of Kansas City, the well-known Western turfman, for \$7,500, and although many at the time considered the price too high, Mr. Corrigan's sound sense was vindicated by Freeland's running this year. His career has been a succession of victories, and it is doubtful if three times his original cost would purchase him now. He won the rich Distillers' stakes at Lexington spring meeting, also the Merchants' stakes and Dixiana stakes at Louisville, and his distance, a mile and a quarter, seems almost invincible. The portrait of Freeland is a strikingly truthful one, being drawn and engraved expressly for us, and is the first and only one ever published of the great son of Longfellow.

"ME bustee town wide open, allee samee Melican man!" cried a Chinaman. "Bal-keepee, setem up dlinks, Allee samee Melican man." It was done. "Bal-keepee, chargee up, Allee samee Melican man." He was bounced.





THE CHAMPION HOME AGAIN.

THE CORDIAL RECEPTION OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN IN NEW YORK AND BOSTON UPON HIS RETURN FROM HIS WESTERN TOUR.



## THE BROADWAY ROUNDER.

No. III.

### AT THE ROGUES' GALLERY.

#### THE CITY'S PRIZE COLLECTION OF WORKS OF ART.

How the Stars and Supernumeraries of the Drama of Criminal Life are Preserved for History--A Unique Record Full of Fascinating Facts--A Visit to Police Headquarters and a Singular Recognition.

There is a jovial young man of my acquaintance whom I have known for several years, but about whose profession I was in great doubt up to six months ago. He is a thickset, sturdy young fellow, with a blonde mustache and a jolly rosy face and the most agreeable manners in the world. We met first over a glass of beer in the gorgeous establishment of Mr. Carl Theiss, in an accidental way, and we got quite intimate. It never occurred to me to ask his calling until one day we chanced to be going into the Bijou theatre together. As we passed the door-keeper one of Capt. Williams' detectives came up to my friend and, taking him on one side, entered into very earnest conversation with him. During the debate the detective frequently produced a photograph which he showed my friend.

After they parted the young fellow joined me, and we went into the theatre together. As we were coming out between the acts I noticed a beautiful, well-dressed girl sitting one seat from the aisle alongside a very distinguished-looking gentleman in full evening attire. He might have stood as a model for an idealization of Count D'Orsay. His swallow-tail was of faultless cut. His shirt-front was positively dazzling--it was so white and glossy, and his diamond studs outshined any precious stone in the entire audience. He was a well put up, dark fellow, with a Spanish face, a close-cropped black beard, and keen, black eyes.

The girl, who was an exquisite sea-shell-skinned blonde, seemed to regard him with breathless admiration, and hung upon his utterances as if they were the outpourings of an oracle.

"By Jimmy!" exclaimed my companion, as he caught sight of the man; "if that don't beat cock-fighting!"

"What beats cock-fighting?" I inquired, as we halted in the lobby.

"The nerve of that fellow over there!" indicating Mr. Blackbeard, whom I had set down in my mind as one of the swiftest members of the Union Club.

"What's the matter with him?"

"What's the matter with him? The biggest gall I ever came across in my life."

"What on earth do you mean in plain English?" quoth I, who hate slang.

"Why, that's one of the meanest skins and confidence operators in the business," replied my young friend, warmly.

"That a confidence operator?" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"The lowest in New York," said my friend. "Why, that fellow's racket is the most contemptible ever worked in this town."

"What is it?"

"The kid stall. That's what it is."

"What is the kid stall?" I ventured to inquire, not without shamefacedness.

My friend looked at me, half doubtfully, half contemptuously.

"The kid racket," he made answer, "is this: When you're working it you do up a lot of odds and ends of rubbish in a nice handsome parcel, and then you start out. The first boy you see with a silver watch and chain on, or a silk umbrella in his hand you hail him, and you ask him if he wants a job, whereby to earn half a dollar. Eleven boys out of every dozen jump at the chance. Then you give your boy the parcel and you tell him you want it delivered at No. so and so, such and such a street--which is just a block off. The boy grabs the bundle, and is about to put off with it when you call him back and say:

"Hold on, sonny! That's a valuable parcel. How do I know you won't run away with it?"

"The boy hangs his head, blushes, and declares he's to be trusted every day."

"That's all right," says you, "but business is business. Here's your half-dollar (at which point you show it to him), and it's yours when you come back. But I want you to leave your watch or that umbrella as security that you'll return with the answer."

"The boy, being green, hands you his watch and his umbrella; upon which you tell him to hurry, as if his life depended on it. He rushes round the corner with the parcel, and you--you leisurely take the next car. Work that racket six times a day and you're in six silver watches or six umbrellas per diem. And if you can strike a District Messenger boy coming out of a jeweler's shop with a parcel, it's ten to one that a dollar-half will catch a big haul of gold fish."

"Do you mean to tell me that fellow over there makes a living by any such business as that?"

"I mean to say so, and what is more, I'll swear to it."

"How do you know?" I inquired, amazed and wondering.

"Bless your heart I've mugged him--and a thundering good picture it was, too."

"What do you mean by your expression, 'I've mugged him'?"

"I mean that I took his photograph for the Rogues' Gallery."

"You took his photograph for the Rogues' Gallery?" "Certainly. That's my business. I thought you knew it all the time. I'm official photographer to the Board of Police, and at my establishment on the Bowery I take likenesses of every criminal arrested for petty larceny and all crimes above it in grade, by the detective squad."

So my friend was the official "mugger" of the Police Department, and the discovery made him all the more interesting.

One day I availed myself of his hearty invitation to drop in and see him "operate" on a model of the "crooked" persuasion. It was about 2 o'clock when I arrived at his gallery, and he was just getting through with a sitter who was as "straight" as a string--for his "crooked" customers only turn up once in awhile. As we talked together I heard the tramping of footsteps outside, and then some men lurched violently into the next room. My friend winked at me and went on with his present job. As soon as the lady left he said:

"There's a 'crook' come to be mugged in the next room. Stay and see the fun."

I did. The "crook" was a sullen, sly, desperate-looking vagabond, who looked like a Methodist minister in disgrace. Two brawny officers, one in uniform and one in plain clothes, escorted him into the presence of the camera. As soon as they bade him be seated, he tumbled into the chair in which so many nervous wretches had preceded him, and buried his chin in his chest as he averted his face from the instrument.

"Come!" exclaimed my photographic friend. "That's no good. You've got to turn his face round and hold his head up."

The policeman in uniform grinned maliciously and replied, "All right." Getting behind his unsuspecting prisoner, whose wrists were handcuffed together, he grabbed him by both ears, turned his head round and threw his chin up.

"There," he said. "How's that?"

"All right," replied the photographer, and in about ten seconds the negative plate recorded the impression of a sullen, distorted face with the eyes tight closed and the mouth drawn and a pair of vague, shadowy hands ending in vanishing sleeves, gripping it by each ear.

As a work of art it was grotesque, but, as an official "mug," it was immense.

Some weeks elapsed and I happened to drop into Police Headquarters to see my old friend, Inspector Byrnes, whom I first knew in the old Niblo's Garden "Black Crook" days, when he had command of the Mercer Street Station, and was the terror of all the blacklegs and prostitutes who inhabited that modern Alsacia. I told him, in the course of conversation, that I had run across the official photographer of the Department, and how I had insisted at the portrait of the gentleman with the scowling face and the pair of mysterious hands at his ears.

With his usual good-nature the Inspector asked me to look at the print which had already reached his album.

As we were laughing over it, a quaint, Hoosier-like old man came in and asked an interview with the Inspector. In the course of it he told him that he was a Long Island farmer who had stayed overnight in New York two evening before, and had fallen in with a mighty agreeable fellow who talked like a preacher or a politician. At the stranger's suggestion they went to the theatre together, and afterward adjourned to an oyster saloon on Broadway, near Forty-second street, where they met two very charming and agreeable young ladies who condescended to eat oysters and drink beer with them. After a pretty sociable time the party broke up, and the young ladies and the fascinating stranger bolted. With them disappeared the farmer's watch, chain and pocket-book.

The Inspector with a bland smile requested his visitor to look in the Rogues' Gallery and see if he could discover any picture in it bearing the least resemblance to his fascinating acquaintance and the fugitive young ladies.

The old man put on his glasses and solemnly began to look through the strange collection.

While he was doing so, two very pretty girls, accompanied by a detective in plain clothes, entered the inner office.

"These ladies," said the officer, "live in Brooklyn, and through being a little gay and reckless, without meaning any harm, got into a bad mess the other night. They were over here on a bit of a lark, and were in an oyster saloon up town on Broadway, when there came in a very nice, handsome young man and a quiet-looking old chap, who might have been a Presbyterian deacon, he was that demure and sober. Well, they got in conversation somehow, and the ladies were a trifle wild and full of fun, and all hands had oysters and beer together. By and by they separated, and when these ladies got down to the ferry they neither of them had a cent. Somebody had been through them and snatched both their pocket-books. They made a complaint to the captain, and he put me on the job. Of course it was those two fellows working in pairs--the deacon chap and the young one."

"Do you think you could recognize them again?" inquired Inspector Byrnes, with a sly smile.

"Indeed we would," replied the elder of the girls, with a crimson blush.

"Very well," said the Inspector, still smiling slyly and jocosely. "Step this way, please. Here is what we call the Rogues' Gallery, and it's more than likely you'll find your men here."

As he did so, the Long Island farmer, who had finished his careful and exhaustive investigation of the album without discovering the portrait of which he was in search, shook his head sadly, closed the ponderous book, and turned wearily to enter the Inspector's office. As he did so, he saw the girls at the very moment they saw him.

"That's him!"

"That's them!"

It was a simultaneous cry--and the curtain came down on a shout of laughter from the privileged and advised spectators.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### TOO LONG FOR HIS COFFIN.

There is great excitement in Oak Creek, Wis., over the action of relatives of Horace Baldwin in sawing off his legs after his death, last week, to make them fit the coffin. Baldwin was 6 feet 7 inches tall, and when the day for his funeral had come it was found that his body was too long for the coffin. While his nephew was sawing off his feet with a common saw he thought the body moved, and he fell in a dead faint. Another relative finished cutting off the limbs. After the funeral it was thought that the nephew would be mobbed by the neighbors.

#### THE FATE SHE FEARED.

##### A Divorced Wife Stabbed to Death by Her Former and Worthless Husband.

Delia Ambrose, of 83 East Third street, this city, called for her sister, Mrs. Mary Wolf, at 212 East Twenty-sixth street, Monday afternoon, May 26, and the two went to O'Neill's shopping. They spent an hour in the store and then walked homeward with packages in their arms.

They crossed Third avenue, and had just stepped upon the sidewalk on the southeast corner when a wild-looking man sprang at Miss Ambrose from behind and stabbed her twice, on the left side of the head and in the neck.

"John!" she exclaimed, as she staggered against a lamp-post, and at the same moment Mrs. Wolf exclaimed, "My husband!"

As Mrs. Wolf spoke the man seized her and stabbed her in the left temple. Mrs. Wolf broke away from him and ran into Michael Sweeney's liquor store on the corner. Blood spurted from her wound over the flags and against the show window. She entered the saloon by the front door and sat down upon a beer-keg opposite the bar and midway between the front door and the side entrance on Twenty-sixth street.

The saloon-keeper was behind the bar, and Patrick McDonough, a customer, leaned against it. They had heard the screams in the street, and as the woman staggered in, McDonough ran to the front door to see if any one was pursuing her. As he reached the door he saw the wild looking man with the knife in his hand about coming in. McDonough slammed the door and turned the key in the lock.

The man was not to be kept out, however. He ran around to the Twenty-sixth street entrance. The figured plate-glass door there was closed. The man struck it and shoved it with his shoulder. He stood in the doorway for a moment, glaring around, and then saw the woman cowering on the barrel. He rushed at her, seized her by the shoulder, and threw her violently to the floor. She did not cry out, and he did not say a word. Kneeling on one knee, he stabbed her three times, striking hard each time. Then he straightened up, glared menacingly at Sweeney, who still stood behind the bar, and then deliberately plunged the knife three times into his own abdomen, and without a cry fell across the woman's body, dropping the knife by her side.

Miss Ambrose had looked into the saloon and run out again just after the man had rushed in. She now came in with Policeman Murray. Mrs. Wolf was dead. Her light-colored hair and her close-fitting black suit were wet with blood, as was the parcel she still held.

"That man," said Miss Ambrose, "is my sister's husband. His name is John Carpenter. He has just come from prison, where he was sent in 1873 for stabbing a woman whom he mistook for my sister in St. Francis Xavier's Church."

Two ambulances and the dead-wagon were called. The body of Mrs. Wolf was taken to the Morgue. Carpenter and Miss Ambrose were sent to Bellevue Hospital.

Mrs. Wolf was a handsome woman. She was thirty-three years of age. There was a deep wound on her right temple; the right ear was severed; the subclavian artery in the right side was cut; and a wound on the left side of the neck, which caused instant death, cut through the jugular vein. The cuts were made with a crescent-shaped shoe-knife.

Carpenter is fifty years old, about 5 feet 8 inches tall, with close-cut gray and black mixed hair, and clean-shaven face. He has dull blue eyes, heavy square features, and the general build and expression of a bruiser.

Mrs. Carpenter, after her husband was sentenced, assumed her mother's maiden name of Wolf in order to elude Carpenter when he should come out of prison. While he was in prison she obtained a limited divorce from him, and he refused to read or sign the papers. When she heard that he had been discharged from prison on Feb. 9, her old fear returned. Neighbors told her that he had been seen loitering around her brother's house in Twenty-sixth street, where she lived, though he did not know it. Miss Ambrose met Carpenter in front of her home in Third street. Carpenter cursed his wife, and said he would kill her. Mrs. Carpenter consulted the police, but they did nothing. "I know he'll kill me," she frequently said.

#### WREAKING VENGEANCE IN A COURT-ROOM.

On Saturday afternoon, May 10, Daniel Sweeney, of San Francisco, shot and killed Henry Casey, while the latter was undergoing examination in the court-room at Redwood City for alleged rape on Sweeney's fifteen-year-old daughter, Frances Julia, committed at a picnic near Redwood City about a week previous. The statements of the girl in court left it an open question whether Casey had used any force to accomplish his purpose. A fellow-workman of Casey's, named Finnegan, who was at the picnic with him, testified that he was with Casey at the hour the girl said the assault had been committed, and that it could not, therefore, have occurred. As Finnegan had concluded his testimony, about 2 o'clock, Sweeney, who was sitting back some ten feet from Casey, suddenly arose, and before he could be stopped, fired three shots into Casey's back. The wounded man sprang to his feet at the first shot, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm shot!" and staggered back on his counsel, who narrowly escaped death from the next bullet. As Casey reeled, Sweeney fired two more shots, one entering the small of the back and ranging upward. As the ball struck him Casey shouted, "My God, I'm killed!" but continued to stumble across the room, even after Sweeney fired the last shot.

Casey grew up from boyhood in San Francisco, and at the time of his death was about twenty-eight years old. He was smart and well liked. He was greatly inclined to society, especially to that of the female sex. His general reputation was good.

Daniel Sweeney, the slayer, was the foreman of Mahoney Brothers, the well-known San Francisco contractors. He is said to be a determined man of peaceable disposition. The story as told by the girl's friends differs from the one she related on the stand. It appears that she went to the picnic with her mother and cousin. Casey asked Mrs. Sweeney to allow her daughter to dance with him a schottische, to which the mother consented. He brought the girl back, and later claimed her hand for another dance. The girl went off with him, and later, the mother missing her, went in search. She found the child away from the picnic ground, crying, and on

asking the cause, was told that Casey had thrown her down and violated her. Sweeney stated since the shooting that if he had not been rescued he would have killed at least two more who were in the courtroom.

#### A BOSS BOSSSED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The elevated railroads are a great convenience. But they are not altogether lovely, as there are some objectionable features about them. While meeting the wishes of the public in certain respects they have entailed on the community a nuisance known as the too fresh conductor. Many of these unsalted specimens appear to glory in their opportunity to show a little brief authority. They have the passengers at their mercy. They control the opening and closing of the gates on the platform, and seem to take an insane delight in working them for the annoyance of passengers. A man has to be almost an acrobat to get on and off the cars. In case of a crowd, if he wants to get on, the gate is slammed in his face just as he is about to secure a foothold on the car. If the conductor is busy mashing the girls along the route (a frequent occurrence), he has but little time to look out for passengers who want to get off, and many, after a struggle through the crowded car, only gain the platform in time to see the conductor slam the gate and pull the cord for the train to go ahead. There is no redress, for before an explanation can be made the cars are speeding away, and the passenger who wants to get off is frequently carried to the next station. One of these inattentive officers got a lesson a short time ago that he will no doubt remember.

A lady of Hebrew extraction desired to stop at Grand street, but she had no sooner reached the platform than the conductor was prepared to close the gate.

"Hold up," said the lady, "I want to get off." "Well, you can't get off here. You ought to have looked out and come on time when I called the street. I am bossing this car and want no foreign interference."

The train had not yet started, and the lady taking in the situation at a glance made a break for the gate. The conductor attempted to stop her progress, but the plucky woman would not have it, and saying, "You boss the car, do you? Well, I'll boss you," she rammed the little conductor's head through the glass window and jumped from the car, just as it was about to move.

#### SHE LOVED ANOTHER MAN.

About a week ago Steven Morris died suddenly at West Point, Ga. At first much sympathy was expressed for his widow, and no suspicion of foul work was entertained. Mrs. Morris, however, was extremely nervous, and in making arrangements for the funeral always decided in favor of such measures as would hurry up the burial. This unseemly haste attracted attention, and then it was recalled that one Dan Lyons had been unremitting in his attention to the woman lately, and was, in fact, the only person who was present when the husband died. This led to a consultation in which the belief was arrived at that it would be well to investigate the affair further. The coroner summoned a jury to hold a post-mortem investigation. This action was resented by the widow as an insult to herself, and she clamored for an instant burial of the remains. The investigation showed the existence of poison. Dr. Douglass removed the heart and stomach and turned the same over to Prof. Bonnell, of Emory College for further analysis. Enough arsenic was discovered by him to kill half a dozen men. When this report was made Mrs. Morris, who had been closely watched meantime, was arrested, and is now in Coweta Jail under the charge of murder. Her lover, Dan Lyons, was also arrested and is held as an accomplice, as the party who furnished the arsenic and aided and influenced the wife to administer the deadly drug. The husband and wife were not on friendly terms, and the evidence disclosed the fact that she had threatened his life only a few days before his death. At first there was a strong feeling in favor of lynching the couple, but now the law will be allowed to take its course.

#### ABRAHAM DOUGLASS.

[With Portrait.]

Abe Douglass, a well-known colored man of Brooklyn, is in a bad fix. He is accused of an outrage on a respectable married lady residing in one of the most aristocratic neighborhoods of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Pauline Miller, of 40 Hanson place, Brooklyn, went to the Tenth precinct station-house, on the morning of May 22, and complained to Capt. Jewett that she had been assaulted at 9 A. M. by a negro named Abraham Douglass, whom she had employed to move some furniture for her. She said that she was alone in the house when the negro came; that he talked about the Christine Cox case, and suddenly seized her, put his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming, and threw her on the floor and outraged her. He afterward frightened her with threats, so that she was afraid to follow him when he left the house.

The negro, she said, had been in the habit of doing chores for her, and knew that her sister, Mrs. Robinson, and Mr. Robinson, who had been living there, had moved to Patchogue, and that her own husband went to Boston in the morning. She bore no marks of violence.

Douglass was arrested and is now in jail. He is an ugly-looking customer. He was arrested once for a petty offense, and on another occasion had a portion of his lip bitten off in a fight. He made no attempt to escape, and denies that he used any violence, while he does not deny that he committed the assault.

#### SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We devote the fifth page of this issue to scenes and incidents of the reception of John L. Sullivan on his return to the East, after his successful tour of the West. The particulars are given under the Prize Ring head on page 10. The enthusiastic welcome he received is not to be wondered at, for without doubt he stands to-day the champion pugilist of the world. Although he has not the same record of battles with bare knuckles that other champions have had, he has met most of the men who would be likely to meet him in such a contest, in the scientific and arduous work of fighting for honors under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and has carried off the laurels bravely. Pluck and muscle will always receive its just applause from the American people, and it is not strange that admirers of true manhood should throw up their hats and shout for Sullivan.



## LOTTA AND HER LOVER.

How a Pretty Chorus Girl Was Ruined  
By a Fast Young Man,

Who Became an Inveterate Gambler  
and Opium-Smoker, and Tried  
to Kill His Pet.

William S. Dunford, of St. Louis, who was recently arrested in Cincinnati while making savage efforts to kill a young woman who calls him "husband," was fined \$50 and sent to the work-house in the latter city for thirty days. Dunford is addicted to opium-smoking, and was under the influence of the drug when he made the attempt on the girl's life. A combination of the worst vices has made him the wreck he now is. He is over thirty years of age, and, as a young man, became infatuated with gambling and a generally fast life. As a gambler he has at times been successful, but the money went quite as quickly as it came. He has been identified with several gaming establishments in St. Louis, and elsewhere, and is well known to the sporting fraternity in the large cities of the West.

The girl, Lotta Lee, who says that she is this man's wife, is intelligent and possessed of many personal attractions. Her story is a sad one, illustrative of a man's selfish baseness and a woman's unaccountable infatuation. She seems to be in her present position more from a force of circumstance than from any voluntary act on her part. She claims to have a good home in New Orleans, where her father is a cotton-broker and dealer in steamboat stores. A year and a half ago she was a virtuous girl, employed as a stenographer and private secretary to the managing editor of one of the leading newspapers of the Crescent City. She was more or less associated with theatrical people, and was greatly attracted by the glamour and tinsel of the profession. Following the advice of some misguided friends, she accepted a position as chorus girl with the Hess Opera Company. Being pretty and finely formed, she received much attention from gentlemen, and flattery and admiration soon turned her head. Before she had been with the opera company many weeks, however, her parents, who from the first had opposed such a step on her part, succeeded in having her return home.

Like all debutantes, as soon as she had donned her stage costume, she straightway had her picture taken. She had not been at home long when she received a burning letter from Will S. Dunford, telling her that he had fallen madly in love with her photograph, and desired to correspond with her. The idea of such a flirtation was pleasing to her, and several letters were exchanged. Soon he planned a visit to New Orleans, where they met for the first time. This was in August of last year. He was a man of the world, well dressed, with plenty of money, and she was infatuated with him, and believed she loved him. In a few weeks he had accomplished her ruin, and left for the North. She ran away from home, and followed him to Minneapolis. Arriving there she found that he had departed for Louisville, whither she went, finding him in front of a saloon, much to his surprise. Her parents meanwhile had been searching for her by the aid of the telegraph, and on the 1st of September both she and Dunford were arrested. Her father insisted that Dunford marry her, and the ceremony was performed on Sept. 3 by Squire McCann, of Louisville.

At that time her husband had plenty of money, and was very liberal with it, buying her silks, sealskins and diamonds. They lived for a time in Louisville, then in St. Louis, and in the latter part of November of last year went to Cincinnati. For a time they boarded at the Grand Hotel. He gambled regularly, and as their funds decreased nightly, they were compelled to leave the hotel for cheaper quarters. To make a stake he stole her sealskin sash and pawned it. The money realized on it was soon gone, and he forced her to pawn her diamond earrings.

He seemed to hate the company of other women to her, and a Lowndes street siren led him into an opium den, where his whole system was at once vitiated by the powerful drug.

Meanwhile he had deserted his wife, who was left without the necessities of life. All that she possessed went for bread while she patiently waited for her husband to come back to her. Finally her wedding-ring was pawned for bread. Her husband, crazy with opium, and devoid of all sense of honor, as soon as he discovered her whereabouts called upon her and demanded money with which to buy the necessary drugs. One Sunday morning recently, affecting jealousy, he drew a knife upon her and threatened her life. She fled, and succeeded in escaping him. He acted like a maniac, and the police were called in. After much trouble, in which Dunford was very roughly handled, he was landed in the station-house.

She, woman-like, soon forgave him, and even visited him in his cell. She promised not to appear against him, and did not, but the speech of the arresting officer was enough to send him out.

"I COULDN'T HELP IT."

The Plea of Col. C. B. Waring, Who Shot and Killed His Brother-in-Law.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Col. C. B. Waring, who keeps a picnic ground known as the Academy of Music, in Academy street, Dutch Kills, Long Island City, is also a manufacturer of piano-stools, and has a factory in this city. He has been drinking considerably of late, and Monday evening, May 26, he was under the influence of liquor.

His wife began to scold him for his drunken habits, and he became angry and abusive, and drove her and the children out, throwing the furniture in the dining-room after them. Mrs. White, a sister of Mrs. Waring, who was visiting her brother's house, next door to the Waring's, went to her sister's assistance. Waring rushed at Mrs. White and threatened to strike her, but did not. He turned them all out of the house, and was quiet until about 10 o'clock. Mrs. Waring, the children and Mrs. White went to the house of their brother, George E. Freund, where they were to remain until Waring had gone to bed. At 10 o'clock Freund went out in his own yard to wash his hands, and, hearing Waring on the other side of the fence, put a ladder up so that he could look over the fence and speak to Waring. After he had climbed the ladder, and while looking over the fence, Waring called him some foul names. Freund replied that Waring was

nothing but a loafer, "fit to beat women and children," and he added, "You dirty scoundrel, you would not strike a man."

Waring was furious and replied with an oath. He then ran into his house and returned a minute later with a Smith & Wesson revolver in his right hand. The fence was too high for him, and he procured an old soap-box, and, putting it up against the fence, said:

"Now I've got you," and fired directly in the face of Freund, who was trying to escape from the ladder. Freund fell dead to the ground. The murderer then returned to his house and sat on the stoop until arrested by Officer White. He submitted quietly to arrest, and handed the officer the smoking revolver with the remark:

"I've killed the ———, and I'm glad of it. I had to kill him in self-defense. The ——— tried to kill me with the smoothing-iron, but I was too quick for him."

Waring was taken to the Queens County Jail and locked up. He did not seem to realize his position or the horrible tragedy he had committed. In conversation with a reporter on his way to the jail, he simply said:

"I had to do it. I couldn't help it. But my poor wife and little children—God help them! And my mother—it will kill her!" And for the first time the unhappy man seemed to feel his position.

C. B. Waring, the murderer, was born in New York, and is only thirty-seven years old. For several years he was a member of the Tammany Hall General Committee from the Carmanville district, and was regarded as a genial, whole-souled fellow. He was in business on West Thirty-fifth street as a piano-stool manufacturer, removing to Dutch Kills six years ago. His brother-in-law, George E. Freund, was prominent in social and business circles in Long Island City and its environs, and often remonstrated with Waring for his too free indulgence with liquor. When intoxicated Waring became frenzied, and the slightest difference of opinion made him quarrelsome and disposed to fight. So ungovernable was his temper when he was on a spree that his most intimate friends evaded him and his wife feared him. He often insulted and beat her, and all appeals to the better impulses of his nature were in vain.

## ELEVEN BROKEN HEARTS.

Peter Tatro Goes to Jail for Too Much Marrying.

Eleven wives is the number of women that Peter Tatro claims he was married to, and of these five have been found living and well, each mourning the loss of the husband. The other half-dozen will no doubt be found within a short time. Tatro was sentenced in the United States District Court, at Philadelphia, May 29, under the name of John A. Moore, and sent to the Eastern Penitentiary for two years and fined \$500. He was charged with having personated a pension agent and forging a pensioner's name to a voucher. The man is fifty-three years of age, and a native of Franklin county, New York. He is agreeable in manners, and his ways were so entrancing that within ten years five women consented to become his wife after brief courtships. This gay deceiver appeared at Brockport, N. Y., in 1873, and after a brief wooing made Miss Ella Webb his wife, giving his name as J. Stone. The honeymoon was not over before the man began a desperate flirtation with a widow named Parsons, of Candor, N. Y., and in a month he deserted the Brockport wife and made Mrs. Parsons Mrs. Sheldon Burleigh. In a few months he tired of this female, and early one morning took a train for the West. He concluded to stop off at South Bend, Ind., and, under the name of H. C. Pomeroy, proclaimed himself a United States Provost-marshal. The man's manners made him a favorite, and, in the goodness of his heart, he offered to prosecute a number of doubtful pension claims, always taking care to obtain a small fee. While engaged in this business he married a Miss Mason.

But his wickedest exploit was at Wabash, Ind. In 1873, under the name of J. W. Jenks, he became acquainted with Miss M. C. Stewart. Like her predecessors she in turn became the wife of the villain. He induced her to dispose of a farm for \$1,800 and hie with him to his mansion in California. At Chicago he obtained possession of her money, and left her at a hotel penniless. In 1879 the oily-tongued scamp made his appearance in Allegheny county, and, under the name of John Hoak, was convicted of grand larceny. He served three years for this crime. As soon as he was released from the work-house, he resumed his swindling career, and was jailed in Cumberland, Md., acting as a special examiner of pensions, giving the name of A. C. Webb. Here he won the heart of Mrs. J. P. Anderson, a widow. He was detected at Cumberland in his swindling and fled to Marietta, where he was arrested. He procured sums of money varying from \$1 to \$30 from numerous persons, and lived in clover. Among his other names were James Thompson, J. Thomas, Rev. John Cliff and Col. Bates.

## BECAUSE HE DID NOT TREAT.

Adrian C. Hewitt, of Poquonnoc Bridge, a fishing hamlet five or six miles east of New London, Conn., was married in an adjoining town on May 4, returning home with his bride in the evening. It is the custom in Poquonnoc Bridge for the bridegroom to treat the boys on the eve of his wedding to cigars at an expense of fifty or sixty cents. Mr. Hewitt, who is an influential member of the Baptist Church, has scruples against the use of tobacco, and neglected to observe the unwritten law. To punish him about a score of young fellows gathered in a highway in front of his residence soon after the couple had arrived, and began a serenade on tin pans and horns, and by the discharge of shotguns. The entertainment had continued about twenty seconds before Mr. Hewitt got hold of his double-barreled shotgun, and discharged its contents into the party. One man was wounded with small shot in the leg. The party scampered home across the lots.

On the following Monday night eighteen of the party, armed with shotguns, surrounded the house and began to pepper it with squirrel-shot. At once the back door flew open, and Mr. Hewitt stepped out on the sill and fired both barrels into a group directly opposite in the road and not a dozen yards away. Eight men fell. One was struck with a buckshot over the right eye, another with two shots between the eyes, a third in the neck, another in the hand, and the rest in various parts of the body. After firing, Mr. Hewitt dodged back into the house and bolted the door. The unwounded members of the party loaded their guns with shot and sand, and bombarded the house for several minutes, rattling all the windows and the doors on the south

side. The party then went home, carrying their wounded. None were dangerously hurt. The village doctor was occupied nearly all that night extracting buckshot from the bodies of the wounded. The next day Mr. Hewitt bought several boxes of cigars and left them to be offered to his evening visitors, but his overture was indignantly rejected.

## THAT \$15,000 PRIZE

Drawn by Engineer Isaac Haines.

The lucky holder of one-fifth of ticket 10,842, which drew the capital prize of \$75,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery last Tuesday, is Mr. Isaac Haines, the engineer of passenger engine No. 61, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The gentleman was interviewed at Chattanooga last Wednesday, by an attaché of the Times, and that journal on yesterday had the following on the subject: "I'll tell you how it happened," said Mr. Haines. "I happened to find an old dollar bill in my pocket-book when in Memphis last week, and, while sauntering along the street, concluded to buy a lottery ticket. I put it away and thought no more of it until this morning, when a gentleman showed me a telegram from New Orleans, stating that ticket No. 10,842 had drawn the capital prize, \$75,000, in The Louisiana State Lottery. Remembering that I had a ticket I hunted it up, and found that it corresponded with the number telegraphed." Mr. Haines is undecided what he will do with the money, but it will be put to good use. He has been running an engine on the Memphis road fourteen years, and is held in high esteem by his employers. He has supported two sisters and an aged father for years on his farm near Stevenson, Ala. A few months ago he was in a pool for a ticket in the same lottery and drew a large prize, receiving \$600 for his share. — *Memphis (Tenn.) Ledger, May 18.*

## GERALD T. TULLY.

[With Portrait.]

Gerald T. Tully secured a position as clerk in the F. & S. Planking Company's office in Preston, England, nearly twenty-eight years ago, and became sub-manager. He held that position for sixteen years, when the manager died, and he endeavored to secure the vacant position. Another man was appointed, however, and Tully disappeared, and also £17,000 of the company's funds. His speculations amounted to upward of £20,000, and although his salary was £1,500, he left little for the support of his wife and two children. Photographs were sent to this country, and a reward was offered, but the man was not found.

A week ago, Joseph Toulmin, a stockholder in the company, and a magistrate in Preston, arrived in New York with his wife. One night they were walking in Fourth avenue, when they met a man whom they recognized as Tully. They waited until they met an officer, and then they spoke to Tully, and received an indignant denial that he was the man. The stranger said that his name was J. T. Richardson, and that he had come from Panama. Mr. and Mrs. Toulmin insisted that they had known Tully for twenty years, and could not be mistaken, and the accused man was locked up, despite his protests that the "mistake" would be a costly one to those who caused it. Tully is a large, fine-looking man, with mixed gray and black hair.

## THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Republican National Convention that is to decide who shall be the candidates of the "grand old party" for President and Vice-President, assembled in the Exposition Building, at Chicago, on Tuesday, June 3. Never before was there such a large crowd gathered by a similar event. The old-time enthusiasm has become intensified with the growth of the country. These four-year gatherings of the representative men from all sections of the country at each recurrence brings together more and more varied elements. The delegates from Maine to California and from the Atlantic to the Pacific are followed by hosts of constituents and the place where the convention is held is the center from which the pulsations of the telegraph thrill the whole country. Our artists have furnished some sketches which show the inside and outside workings of the great gathering of the clans.

## HALF A WIFE EACH.

A novel case has arisen in the courts of Youngstown, Ohio. Two men filed petitions, and in each case asking for a divorce from the same woman. Two weeks ago Sam Thomas filed a petition praying for a severance of the marital ties that unite him to Sarah A. Thomas, and alleging as a ground for granting the decree that the defendant had been guilty of adultery with one Albert Swager, and was now cohabiting with him. Albert Swager filed a petition alleging that he was married to the same woman mentioned above, in 1831, and that her husband, Sam Thomas, was then living, though she falsely represented to him that she was a maiden and had never been married. Swager alleges that he only recently discovered that he had been imposed upon, and now asks an annulment of the marriage.

## PROF. ALEX. DAVIS.

[With Portrait.]

Dr. Alexander Davis has gained a wide-spread reputation as a ventriloquist, magician and humorist. He is one of the most versatile men in the business, and is equally at home in striking feats oflegerdemain, wonderful exhibitions of ventriloquial powers, mimicry and humorous delineation of character. Besides being proficient in all the professional requirements of his art, he has a fund of natural wit that he introduces with good effect in his entertainments.

## ANNIE DUNSCOMBE.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week a portrait of Miss Annie Dunscombe, a favorite actress. We do so, in the first place, because her charming face makes a good picture that will be appreciated by those who have been educated to the proper critical standard by the artistic portraits that have heretofore appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE, and in the second place to put before the public in an enduring form a truthful representation of one of the most charming ladies of the American stage.

## SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit  
Culled from Many Sources.

"Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs anyway."

St. Louis has missed all the conventions, and now retaliates by getting up a dog show.

To speed a parting guest say, "Go ahead, and be sure you write." This reverses Crockett.

AN Ohio girl with forty-eight toes was born recently. She ought to make a good all-toe singer.

THE young lady from Vassar does not speak of a chimney sweep, but of a bivalvular transpiration.

"Don't give it a weighn," said the coal dealer to his clerk, as he drove out of the yard with a light ton.

SPOONING is regarded as very silly, but after all it is the spoon that makes the greatest stir in the world.

"I DROP into poetry occasionally," as the office boy remarked when he tumbled into the waste basket.

THE difference between a certain kind of fish and a pullet is that one is a menhaden and the other a hen maiden.

"Of what did you say they convicted the doctor?" "Well, I don't know exactly, but I suppose it was purgery."

HENS may be a little backward on eggs, but they never fail to come to the scratch where flower-beds are concerned.

WOMEN undoubtedly have their failings, but Miss Becky Jones has refuted the foul slander that they cannot keep a secret.

A BURGLAR got into the house of a lawyer the other day. After a terrible struggle the lawyer succeeded in robbing him.

"ENOUGH" is the title of a poem now going the rounds of the press. We are ready to agree with the author without reading it.

A GHOST has been discovered in Lewiston, Me., who wakes up a man every morning at 5 o'clock. That is the time he ghost to work, probably.

By Henry Irving's book it appears that Ellen Terry was in the habit of speaking of the Hotel Dan in New York, where she stayed, as "the hotel—ahem!"

A DANDY, wishing to be witty, accosted an old rag-man as follows: "You take all sorts of tumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes; jump in! jump in!"

"WHERE is the perfect man?" shrieks an exchange. John L. Sullivan is just now. If you don't believe it, stand up before him for a few brief rounds.

"BUT how do you get along? You say you don't pay expenses?" "I don't, and that's why I get along so well. I make my customers pay them."

Do boys or girls make the most noise? Is the latest conundrum. Turn a mouse into a school-room and it will be settled so quick it will make your head swim.

"You can lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink," says the old saw. You couldn't make some men drink, either, if you took them to a hydrant.

"WILL the coming man be happier?" asks a writer. It depends to a great extent upon whether his wife has got tired and gone to sleep or is still waiting up for him.

A MUFF is defined as a "thing which holds a girl's hand and don't squeeze it." Correct, and any fellow is "a muff" who will hold a girl's hand without squeezing it.

A YOUNG poetess says she "told her secret to the sweet wild roses." She was very imprudent. When the sweet wild roses "blow" she will wish she had kept her secret to herself.

THE ladies of Pittsford, Monroe county, N. Y., have been swindled out of \$200 worth of wigs, frizzes and switches by a smooth-tongued scamp who claimed to be an expert hair renovator.

INGERSOLL takes away hell and Wendling demolished the devil. Now, if some one would carry off the contribution box there wouldn't be anything left of our old-fashioned religion.

At a wedding the bride was a young lady who had been a great flirt. When the clergyman asked the question, "Who gives this woman away?" a young man present replied: "I can, but I won't."

SHE—"Oh, I don't care for the dialogue or plot of a play; what I look for is the situations." He—"Well, if I were manager here about one-half of the alleged actors in this play would look for situations tomorrow morning."

A CHICAGO man got hold of the wrong jug the other day and took a big drink of a mixture of kerosene oil and muriatic acid. Then he accused the servant girl of stealing his whisky and pouring water in the jug to conceal the theft.

A WESTERN zephyr carried a cow a quarter of a mile through the air, and set her down in a milkman's yard. He was so scared that he stopped grinding chesk, and ran four miles for a rifle to shoot the curious-looking creature with.

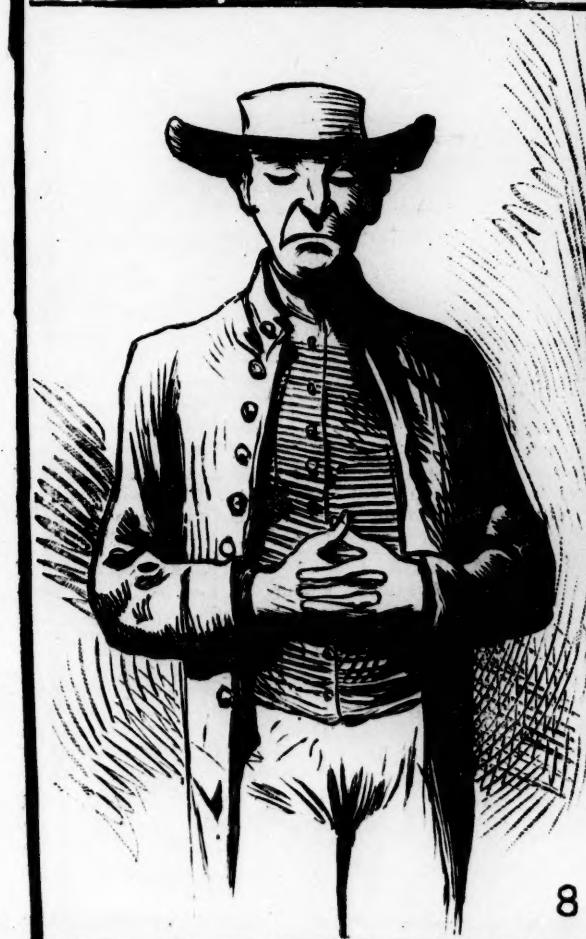
THE people of Long Island City are seriously considering the project of duplicating in stone for a monument Fitzgerald's feet. The only difficulty in the way seems to be that a single block of stone, of sufficient size, cannot be procured.

BESSIE RAMBLE says: "Women have lived and loved and had a nice time in corsets for many happy years, and they do not propose to give them up at the dictum of any man or set of men." Of corset shouldn't be given up. Let it stay.

A DASH, a crash, 'twas awful rash, but the roller-skates upset her. A slip, a rip, she cut her lip, but the next time she'll do better. A slide she tried; the skates were aside; they proved to be a fetter. No more she'll soar the rink all o'er, because her ma won't let her.

"You can do anything if you have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to his nephew, who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you only wait." "How long?" asked the penitent spendthrift. "Till it freezes," was the cold reply.

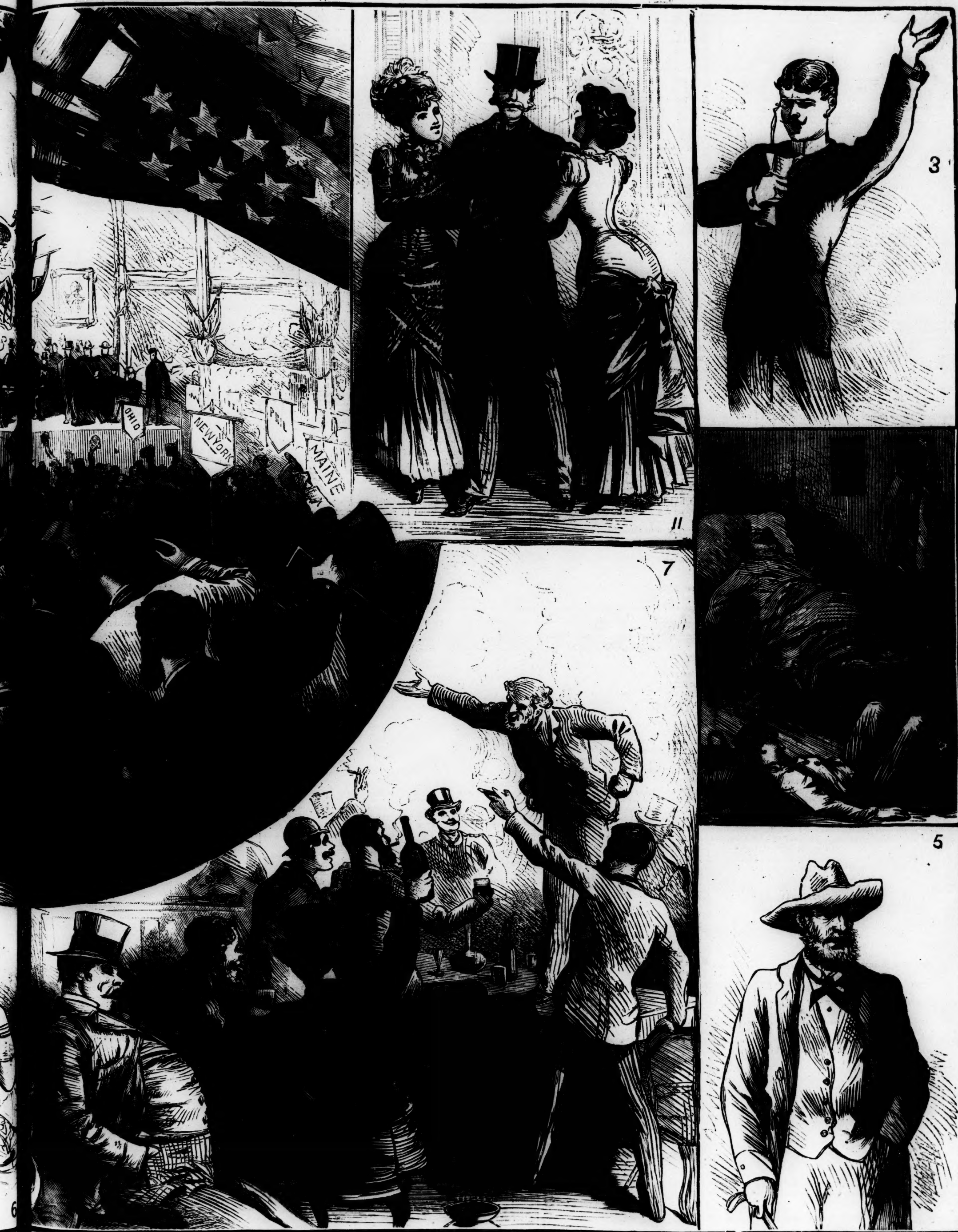




THE GATHERING OF THE  
EPISODES OF THE GREAT CHICAGO CONVENTION. I—THE CONVENTION CHEERING LINCOLN'S NAME. II—LADIES IN THE GALLERY CHEERING ARTHUR. III—

VII—THE NEW YORK DELEGATION IN PRIVATE CAUCUS. VIII—A QUAKER CITY DELEGATE. IX—HOT





AND HOW THEY GATHERED.

TON AND FOR EDMUNDS. IV-WELCOMED BY THE BUNCO DELEGATE. V-FROM COLORADO AND FOR JIM BLAINE VI-COUNTRY DELEGATES ON A RACKET.  
 ODATIONS FOR LATE COMERS. X-FROM NEW YORK AND FOR ARTHUR. XI-BETWEEN TWO FIRES.



## THE PRIZE RING.

## The Week's Gossip About the Champions and Their Doings.

## Sullivan's Return From His Western Tour—His Hearty Reception Among His Old Friends.

The arrival of John L. Sullivan and the members of Sullivan's combination in this city on May 28 caused quite a sensation. It had been the intention of the sporting element to tender the champion of champions a rousing reception on his arrival in Gotham, but he came so unexpectedly that there was no time to make the proper arrangements. Sullivan was accompanied by Messrs. Steve Taylor, Peter McCoy, Florio Barnett, Mike Gillespie, Mike Donovan, Fred Moran, J. Mazzinger, Hutz Cole, his treasurer, and Al. F. Smith, his backer and manager. The party was driven in carriages direct to the Ashland House, in Fourth avenue, and was warmly welcomed by a number of sporting men who happened to be loitering in the corridors of the hotel. Among the latter were Charles Mitchell, Charlie Rowell, Tom Davis, Peter Duray, Charles Barsley, Edward Mallahan, William Madden, Barney Aaron, Capt. James C. Daly, Jimmy Patterson and a host of other sporting men.

After the great pugilist alighted from the carriage he was greeted with loud cheers. Every one was pleased to see him return after his eight months' tour through the country, during which time he ran many risks from men who would not hesitate to use a knife or revolver on the great pugilist, merely to gain notoriety. Many supposed, when the champion left New York with his combination, that he would meet with trouble in Montana, Arizona or Texas, but such was not the case. Sullivan is very popular with the masses, and he should be, for he has accomplished wonders in the pugilistic line, and always been liberal with every one directly or indirectly connected with him.

After Sullivan alighted at the Ashland House the first to seize his hand and give it a powerful good-natured grasp was Charley Mitchell, his old antagonist.

"I suppose," said Sullivan, returning Mitchell's hearty shake with such vigor that the latter stood on his toes, "that you are ready to meet Mike Cleary to-night."

"I have no engagement to meet Cleary to-night," replied Mitchell.

"What do you mean?" asked Sullivan, in great surprise.

"Only mean," replied Mitchell, "that the match has been fixed for July 21."

Sullivan stamped his feet in vexation, and upbraided himself for having made so foolish a blunder. "I was informed," said he, "that the match was to take place to-night, and canceled a number of important engagements for the purpose of witnessing it. I don't care so much on my own account, but am sorry to have cut the season short, on account of the troupe."

The news of the arrival of the gladiator soon spread, and inside of an hour a large crowd had assembled around the hotel, which may be styled the "Paradise of Champions," since it has harbored John L. Sullivan, champion pugilist of the world; Charley Mitchell, champion of England; Charley Rowell, champion long-distance pedestrian of England; Patrick Fitzgerald, champion long-distance pedestrian of the world; John Morrissey, one of the pugilistic champions of America, and Edward P. Weston.

A number of curious people, eager for a view of the majestic proportions of the champion, began crowding into the hotel, and Mr. Madden suggested that the party retire to a private room. A case of champagne had preceded them, and the reunion of the men of nerve and muscle was of the most convivial character. Mitchell, after drinking the champion's health, excused himself for a moment and left the room. When he had gone Sullivan renewed his expressions of annoyance that the match had not taken place, adding that it had been his intention to challenge the victor. While he was yet speaking, Mitchell re-entered the room. Mr. Madden at once drew him to one side and informed him of what Sullivan had said, whereupon Mitchell walked immediately up to Sullivan, and said that he was willing to stand before him again if the champion would agree to reasonable terms. Sullivan jumped to his feet, and his friends became alarmed. They afterward explained that they had feared the champion meant to make mince-meat of Mitchell on the spot. To their gratification, however, Sullivan did not rise in anger. A pleasant smile played around the corners of his handsome mouth, and, extending his hand to Mitchell, he addressed him in terms of cordiality.

"Charlie," said he, "I now wish to say that you are the best man I ever put on the gloves with, and I shall be happy to give you a chance to redeem yourself. I see you have grown bigger since we last met and I hope you have improved in other respects."

"I have," replied Mitchell. "I am a better man in every way than when I faced you last year."

"I am glad to hear it," said the champion.

"You don't appear to have grown any smaller," said Mitchell, as he stood off and admiringly surveyed the tremendous development of Sullivan.

"No," replied Sullivan: "I am getting bigger all the time. Boxing has agreed with me, and I now weigh 27 pounds. When next we meet, my dear boy, I'll double you up like a bag of feathers."

"I think not," said Mitchell, laughingly.

"What?" exclaimed Sullivan.

Mitchell said that he would be on hand whenever Sullivan required his presence.

"And when I have licked you," said the champion, "I shall expect you to wind up with me at my benefit in Boston."

"I'll do it," replied Mitchell. "I'm not afraid, and I hope there will be no hard feeling between us."

"None whatever," said the champion. "All I want is fair play."

"How am I to fight you?" asked Mitchell.

"Marquis of Queensberry rules; the winner to take two-thirds and the loser one-third."

A match was then made and the champion remarked that after he had toyed with Mitchell he would be ready to entertain the most ambitious men in the country. He added that he would visit Europe in the fall in the company of Al. Smith, his backer, and would amuse himself punching the English bruisers.

An hour later Sullivan was escorted to the Grand Central Depot, where he took the 5 P. M. train for Boston. He expressed his anxiety to get home to see his wife and the little heir that was born to him during his absence. Several bouquets were presented to him as the train moved out of the depot, and a laurel wreath, in the center of which the words "Prince of Pugilists" were worked in tea-roses, pleased him immensely.

It is a fixed fact that Sullivan and Mitchell are to box in Madison Square Garden, but whether the contest will take place before Mitchell meets Cleary, or later, is not yet settled upon. On May 27 Sullivan arrived in Boston. He was met at the depot by a tremendous crowd of sporting men.

The reception of the champion at his home in Boston was a quiet but hearty one. His arrival was rather unexpected. A telegraph dispatch received in Boston on Monday afternoon by Mike Sullivan, stating that his brother, John L., was due in Boston, on the train from New York at 10:30, was the first intimation of the return of the hero. A couple of hacks were hastily engaged, and a few friends started for the depot.

A group of seven or eight men stood by the east track of the depot as the New York train showed its headlight along the track. Conspicuous among them were Councilman Thomas Denny and Billy Mahoney. A minute later the train had come to a standstill and all hurried along to the second car, on the platform of which stood a man who would be conspicuous in a crowd of any kind. With a light bound he sprang down and was surrounded by those who seized his hand with grasps of warm and earnest welcome. It was John L. Sullivan, and close behind him were Frank Moran, his personal manager, and Florio Barnett. The three were dressed almost precisely alike, in plain walking suits and Oxford hats, and all three were most heartily received.

The party proceeded at once to the two hacks in waiting, and drove to Sullivan's saloon. In the first hack were the champion, Frank Moran, Councilman Denny and Tom Delay. In the second were Billy Mahoney, Florio Barnett, the *Globe* reporter and another gentleman well known in sporting circles.

The champion, desiring to come home as quietly as possible, had sent no word to his friends. With the exception of the group already mentioned, there seemed to be scarcely any one around the depot when the train arrived, but the instant the hacks started a crowd of a hundred or two, which had gathered as if by magic, started on a run for the saloon. Others saw them, learned the cause and joined in the chase. Sullivan and his friends had barely time to get in the door before it was blockaded, while the large saloon was comfortably filled with a most orderly crowd. The champion, after his reception by his friends, hastened to his home, where the happiest incident of his return occurred, when he was met by his loving wife and, for the first time, kissed his little heir, who had arrived at the Lovering street home during the champion's absence.

Tom McAlpine, the veteran of the prize ring, is to be matched against Bowery Bill, so it is reported. Now, McAlpine may find some one to put up a century or two on his pugilistic ability, but it is doubtful who will find the stakes for Bowery Bill.

Tim Collins, the pugilist, who is in the asylum for incurable maniacs at Northampton, Mass., it is reported, is recovering.

Jim Fell, the Rich Hill, Mo., pugilist, was in great luck when, after he defeated Jack Hanley at Omaha, he skipped back to his principal abiding-place. If he had stopped in Omaha to be lionized he would have been placed in duress vile. Hanley was arrested shortly after the battle, and was convicted, on May 24 at Omaha. It appears strange that when the law interferes it is always the loser of a prize fight that receives the back-wash. After the glove fight near Bartow station, N. Y., some time ago, between Tom Henry and J. M. Murray, both men were arrested, and the loser, Murray, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Pete McCoy has made his reputation by his first regular battle in the prize ring. Judging from the way he punished his game opponent he should be a match for any pugilist at 140 pounds, in America. Duncan McDonald, the pugilist of Butte City, Montana, could whip half the pugilists who style themselves champions, and yet he was no match for young McCoy. All pugilists claiming or styling themselves champion of middle weights will find Pete after them with a good round forfeit to clinch a match.

Prof. Wm. C. McCellan intended to go to Chicago to fight Capt. James Dalton, the pugilist that fights on all fours, but after he read how the battle between Goode and Dalton ended, he came to the conclusion that if he did arrange a match he would not be allowed to win.

Paddy Ryan is now in the same boat as Charley Norton, the light-weight champion. Both recently publicly announced that they have retired from the ring and would fight no more.

Ryan is sensible in retiring from the ring. He has a first-class paying sporting saloon in Chicago, and he is better adapted to superintend a drinking establishment than to meet a first-class pugilist.

Joe Goss, the veteran pugilist, one of the pluckiest heavy weights who ever stood within the orthodox 24-foot ring, still keeps the Saracen's Head, in Lagrange street, Boston. Goss is very popular and he is doing a thriving business.

Prof. Wm. Clark, better known years ago as the Belfast Chicken, has sold out his sporting house in Fulton street, Brooklyn, and opened his great seaside hotel at Huntington, L. I. Clark has among his first-class boarders members of the political, social and financial world, and a number of the pillars and divines of the New York and Brooklyn churches.

There appears to be a rush of pugilists and their backers to America. The Assyrian Monarch, which landed at this city recently, brought Bill England and Edward Hammett. The latter once fought a draw with Charley Mitchell for a silver cup, beat Wm. Brock after a long and desperate battle, and was beaten by Peter Breslin. Hammett can mill at 140 pounds, and his backer, Harry Sanders, stated to Richard K. Fox that he would back Hammett to fight any pugilist in America, either "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules, for from \$100 upward.

Since Charley Mitchell boxed Billy Edwards he has been doing the grand-sporting, fishing, horseback-riding and attending the races. He says fighting too often makes a pugilist stale. He believes in enjoying himself and circulating his winnings. Mitchell's next opponent will be Mike Cleary, the champion knock-out, whose colors flaunt in the breeze at 27 Bowery.

Jimmy Patterson, of the corner of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, who is a great patron of all kinds of sports, from a flying winking

match to an elephant fight, has been so successful backing game fowls, fighting dogs and wrestlers that he is now going to invest a few of his thousands in matching pugilists. Patterson is very sweet on Paddy Lee, a pugilist who can boast of many a desperate battle. Patterson intends to match Lee for from \$500 to \$1,000 to fight any pugilist his weight in America. Patterson is all right in keeping sport going, and he might better back pugilists than to enter his choice bull-dogs in the dog shows and not receive fair decisions, but he must look out for Barney.

McHenry Johnson, the heavy-weight colored pugilist, who fought such a terrific encounter with Charley Lange, the heavy-weight champion of Ohio, recently, at Columbus, has returned to New York. McHenry Johnson, the Black Star, is eager to fight Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, or the latter's Unknown, six round-a, "Police Gazette" rules. Billy McLean, the baseball umpire, was once a well-known boxer and pugilist, and resided in the Fourth ward in this city.

Jim McDevitt, the Bridesburg pugilist, who keeps the "Police Gazette" Annex at Bridesburg, is anxious to box any pugilist his weight in Pennsylvania.

Jack Burke, the pugilist, who is coming to America to be under the management of Richard K. Fox, sends the following challenge to the *POLICE GAZETTE*:

LIVERPOOL, May 10, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:  
DEAR SIR—I see in your paper of May 10 where Mitchell says that Burke was 15 pounds heavier and 2 inches taller. That is a lie. We were both of a weight and height. Darkness came on, but it was all his fault, as I had to wait at the ring side one hour for him. Now, I hope that when I arrive in New York he won't keep me waiting long for another trial. He calls himself champion of England. I can't see how he claims that title, as we fought a draw. I will show him who is champion when we meet. I am more than nineteen years old now. Please insert this and oblige yours truly,  
JACK BURKE.

Messrs John M. Smith & John Luddy have opened the "Police Gazette" Hall at 11 Union street, West Troy, N. Y., where a first-class variety and athletic entertainment is given nightly.

Mike Henry, the old-time Brooklyn sport, has undertaken the management of Stetla Hall, 411 and 413 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, for Messrs. Butler & Guldater. To all his old friends Mike extends a cordial invitation to call. A good time awaits all. We have been there.

Al. Smith, the well-known sporting man, while in Cleveland, was interviewed in reference to Mervine Thompson and Sullivan arranging a match. He said:

"Why, Ross' challenge to back Thompson, published in the *POLICE GAZETTE*, was made a laughing-stock by those who read it. Duncan C. Ross claims to have posted \$2,500 forfeit. I don't believe he put up one cent. If any money is up it is Richard K. Fox's money. You know he backed Paddy Ryan against Sullivan, and Fox and Sullivan have not been on friendly terms for years, not on speaking terms. Mr. Fox would give a great deal to find somebody to whip Sullivan. Now, Ross in his challenge proposes to put the money up in Mr. Fox's hands, and in case the principals cannot agree, have Fox appoint the referee. There would be just two men to agree—Sullivan and Thompson, or his backer, Ross—and it isn't likely, under the circumstances, that they would agree, for it would be part of the scheme for Mr. Fox to appoint the referee—and then what show would Sullivan stand? I am here now, and prepared to make a match. I will deposit \$5,000 in the hands of some Cleveland man, any one of a hundred men in this city would satisfy me. I understand that Thompson is not here, that he is afflicted with rheumatism, and is under treatment at some spring in Michigan. I will not be uncharitable enough to say that it is convenient for him to be absent at this time. We will admit that his being out of condition is genuine. I will give him the three months his so-called challenge called for in which to train and get in condition."

"I don't know what Ross means," continued Mr. Smith, "by referring to me as a broken-down manager of peds." It is true that I have managed all the great pedestrian contests in this country except the last one. I have been referee of fifty prize fights, some of the hardest ever fought in the world. I have been referee of many other important sporting events—was referee of the great Schaefer-Slosson billiard match in Chicago a few days ago. My reputation among sporting men does not appear to be broken down. As far as this Sullivan tour is concerned the amount of people we have drawn and money we have made is simply wonderful. Why, in six weeks in San Francisco Sullivan spent \$15,000 in revelry, and he had a snug sum of his earnings laid away besides—the \$15,000 hardly seemed to make a hole in it."

"How do you rate Capt. Daly as a pugilist?"

Al. Smith—"Oh! I don't want to say anything about it. I shouldn't rate him very high."

"Hill Stoddard?"

Al. Smith—"Stoddard is a good man; a hard fighter."

"Mike Cleary?"

Al. Smith—"Cleary is a good pugilist; but I wouldn't rate him as first-class."

"Charles Mitchell?"

Al. Smith—"A clever man, a very clever man, one of the most scientific."

"Billy Edwards?"

Al. Smith—"There isn't a better man with his hands in the world than Billy Edwards. Mitchell is too big for him and a younger man, that's all. You don't find any better men than Billy Edwards for his size."

"How do you think Sullivan compares with Mitchell for skill in boxing?"

Al. Smith—"Now a good deal is said about Sullivan being a hard hitter but an indifferent sparrer. I tell you that he is the most skillful boxer in the world. It comes natural to him. He never took a boxing lesson in his life, but he can put on blackened gloves and beat anybody in the world, scientific points to count. Why, these fellows who stand up before him can't hit him; he spars so cleverly they actually cannot hit him. But he has no trouble in hitting them whenever he wants to. Everybody knows he is a terrific hitter, but I tell you he is the greatest sparrer as well as the hardest hitter in the world. He's only a boy, too—twenty-five years old only two months ago."

George M. Robinson, who practiced his now famous lying-down tactics with Sullivan at San Francisco, is coming to New York. Robinson will be a first-rate chopping-block for Thompson or Mitchell when he arrives East.

Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, New York's sen-

sational champion boxers, appeared recently at New Haven. Yale College students were greatly excited over the exhibition by the great little pugilists. Murphy and Kelly are capital drawing cards, and the four-round set to they give always creates a sensation.

## JEM BELCHER.

We give below an interesting sketch of one of the old kings of the ring that will be interesting to the boys who want to keep up the standard of the prize ring. There were giants in those days, but the same old blood runs in the veins of the gladiators of to-day, and the present generation has shown that there is pluck and science among those who adhere to the good old maxim, "May the best man win."

Jem Belcher was born at Bristol, England, 1781, and was a grandson of the celebrated Slack, and a butcher by trade. His first performance took place March, 1798, when he beat Britton with the greatest ease, and in 1799, when only nineteen years of age, he beat the celebrated Paddington Jones, for twenty-five guineas, in 35 minutes. In 1799 he fought a draw with Jack Bartholomew. A second mill with the same pugilist took place May 15, 1800, when they fought for \$1,500 on a stage on Fin hiey Common. Little sparring was exhibited on either side. Bartholomew, a stronger man than his youthful opponent, who was still under twenty years of age, attempted to beat him out of hand by "roughing it," and early in the mill succeeded in knocking down Belcher, but in the third round Belcher threw him heavily on his head and shook him severely.

Bartholomew, who was a game "bit of stuff," preserved and contested the battle with extraordinary firmness, but Belcher was far too clever for him, and dealt out such severe punishment that in seventeen rounds, occupying 20 minutes, Bartholomew was compelled to acknowledge himself vanquished. On the 22d of December, 1800, Belcher fought with Gamble, the Irish champion, who had been successful in 15 prize battles, and who, being bigger and stronger than Belcher, and possessed of a very considerable amount of science, was matched against him by the knowing one, for one hundred guineas. The fight came off on Wimbledon Common, near the executioner's gibbet. Gamble's vaunted skill appeared as nothing when compared with the activity of Belcher, whose natural talents were so extraordinary as to enable him to treat Gamble with the greatest contempt. It was said that \$20,000 changed hands on this match.

Belcher was now universally acknowledged as champion. His first mill in his new character was with Joe Bourke, the butcher, a man weighing about 185 pounds, a very powerful fellow. This match was the result of a turn-up on Wimbledon Common, in which Belcher was victorious. It took place at Hurley Bottom, Nov. 23, 1801, for 100 guineas. The hitting appeared to be of a desperate description, and although Bourke got the lion's share of punishment, still the champion did not come off scratchless. He was once thrown heavily, and received some severe nobbers, but in the end his fine talent and judgment pulled him through, and he was declared the winner in 25 minutes. Soon after the fight he appeared quite himself, and declared that he had scarcely felt a blow, and in the excitement of the moment, challenged Dan Mendoza; but that hero was not to be had. Bourke was not satisfied with his defeat, and a second match was made for 1,400 guineas a side; but it never came to a fight, some dispute arising about Bourke's seconds. The money was accordingly drawn, and Belcher received \$250 and his traveling expenses. Some time after this they met at Camberwell Fair, and had a turn-up which was in favor of Belcher, but the friends of both interfering, it was agreed to postpone it until the following day, Aug. 20, 1802, when the men met in the field behind St. George's Chapel, near Tyburn, to fight for a purse of thirty guineas for the winner and five for the loser. In the fourteenth round Bourke was thrown heavily, and could not come to time. So little was Belcher fatigued that he walked about the field for some time, performing feats of agility. The next candidate for superiority whom Belcher had to meet was Jack Fearby, better known as the Young Ittman, a boxer of considerable fame and great strength, standing 6 feet in height and weighing 130 pounds. They were matched for 100 guineas, and the fight took place April 12, 1803, at Linton. This mill only occupied 20 minutes. Fearby never had a ghost of a chance. His former excellence appeared quite to have deserted him. It is only fair, however, to say that he was in his forty-third year at that time while his opponent was still but twenty-two. It was on the 21st of July of that year (1803) that Belcher lost his eye in playing rackets in St. Martin's street, and after this his health, and declined very perceptibly. Soon after this he took this July Butchers. For two years after this Belcher stuck to his house, and no one thought of challenging him or attempting to wrest from him his well-earned laurels, and indeed it was generally supposed he had retired from the ring, as the loss of one eye was such a serious detriment to the pursuit of milling. So convinced were his friends that he did not intend longer to uphold his title that after Harry Pearce, the Game Chicken, had twice conquered the powerful Bourke, one of Belcher's opponents, with the greatest ease, he was universally hailed as champion.

After the battle between Pearce and Gully, however, in October, 1805, Belcher's jealousy and anger appeared to have unexpectedly burst out in the most rancorous manner against Pearce, although he had been mainly instrumental in promoting the advancement of that hero, and had first brought him into notice. His envy at continually hearing the praises of his townsman and quondam pupil, at length completely got the better of every other feeling, and in an evil moment he dared his friend to the combat. A match was accordingly made for 500 guineas, which came off on the 6th of December, 1806. Here Belcher, whose health had been falling ever since his accident, for the first time suffered defeat. The great strength of Pearce enabled him to set at naught the fine science of Belcher, who was of course placed at considerable disadvantage by the loss of his eye, and was conquered in eighteen rounds in 35 minutes. Although still young (he was but twenty-nine when he fought his last battle) the loss of his eye and the life he led as a publican had great effect upon his constitution. His last defeat by Cribb caused him not a little mortification, and he began to droop perceptibly. He was after his fight confined in Horsemerger Lane Jail for breaking the peace, and here he caught a cold which settled on his lungs. He had also an ulcer on his liver which gave him intense pain and hastened his end. He died on the 30th of July, 1811, in the thirty-first year of his age.



## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Breezes From the Baseball Field and Points  
About the Players--News and Gossip  
From All Over the Country.

MANAGER FRANK had better sell Bagley before he loses on him. The New Yorks can lower their colors the quickest of any club in the world.

The Buffaloes opened their new ground by knocking the life out of the Detroiters.

Answer, the dwarf, is not handling the ash with as much vigor as he did in his younger days.

The Buffalo players are afraid to challenge the Winships? It is startling, if true.

The New Yorks are ball-players until they bump up against the Providence. They are the stuff.

For mercy's sake, will the Indianapolis people ever take a drop on howling over their new grounds.

There is a general daily complaint from all parts of the country of robberies committed by the umpires.

COLMAN'S arm has given out, and the Philadelphia are in a fair way to give a repetition of last year.

HARRY WRIGHT takes the cake for gathering up all the odds and ends, and molding them into ball-players.

MURRAY ought to hurry up the goats, as they are not eating the tin cans half as fast as he expected them to do.

The Buffalo players have shown their sound judgment by prohibiting all pool-selling on the baseball matches.

There is at home on the dump, and the style in which he is playing on Metropolitan Park is simply marvelous.

We are of the opinion that they will want nine new men who know how to run after the ball when they strike this city.

SAM CHASE is eating the ball with the Cincinnati Unions, and before the season is half over, Muttie will be sorry he let him go.

FOURTEEN thousand tons of deodorizing compound is badly needed to fill "the space between Metropolitan Park and First avenue."

It looks as though the St. Louis Unions were going to have a pretty clear sweep in the race for the championship of the Union Association.

WHEN Bob Ferguson took hold of the Allegheny Club he talked himself blue in the face telling the boys what was to be done and how to do it.

FOURTY is making his mark in Philadelphia, which is all that keeps Harry Wright from making his mark on the seat of Fogarty's trousers.

THE New Yorks can play like Trojans until the other fellows get one run ahead of them, when they go all to pieces like a bomb-shell exploding.

DONORAN forgot which club he was playing with in the Providence-New York game, May 24, so he threw the ball to Donny instead of to Connor.

ATLANTA is an old runder, but it cost him about \$10 in drinks for the innocent manner in which he bit on the kind of a hole the donkey was buried in.

FOR a country town, the little village of Urbana, Ohio, has got a baseball ground that would put some of the big professional club capitalists to the blush.

THE Philadelphia team thinks the St. Louis Club made a great mistake by not having their own umpire accompany them, as they are dropping game after game.

LITTLE Dickie Burns is covering himself with glory at present in Cincinnati, but it is only a matter of time until the Cincinnati papers are covering him with curses.

THE "Conns," of Louisville, have got a great idea, and they say they have beaten everything in the country but the "Niggers," of Niggerdom, and "Mokes," from Mokekoma.

SUNDAY, of the Chicagoes, has made but one hit in the last seven games played. He probably rested the other six days, and reversed the order of things.—Fall River News.

WHAT is the matter with the Sandwich Islanders that they don't come on here and play the New Yorks? If we don't soon hear from them we will begin to think they are afraid.

THE Ironsides of Lancaster were anxious to fill the vacancy in the Eastern Association made by the disbandment of the Monumentals of Baltimore, but Mogul Mills has decided against them.

IF the New Yorks had one hundredth part the chance for winning the League pennant the Metropolitan players for winning the American Association pennant, they could easily feel seriously happy.

THE Peoria management are in a fair way to become rich. They let their men play for nothing for a month, then give them a check payable in thirty days on a bank that they have no money in.

A. G. JIM Muttie's salary for managing the Metropolitan Club is \$1 a week, but don't tell anybody that I told you, as he wants to keep it a secret, for fear some of the other club managers will understand him.

ATKINSON, the modest gentleman who pitched nine innings for the Athletics against the Alleghenies without a single hit being made off him, thinks he is worth just \$1,000 a year more since the great achievement.

NICK YOUNG is taking considerable upon himself to give decisions in points not covered by the League rules. He says "that when a ball is in play, it is in play, and if it is not, it is not."

THE New Yorks would about like to have Keefe and Holbert, but there are some twenty other clubs quite as anxious to "catch on;" consequently, they are afraid to try the transfer business for fear the club slip out of their hands.

WHAT the Philadelphia Club seems to want is about seven new men who can bat. The club, as a whole, is doing very well in the field, but cannot expect to win when the opposing club does all the batting and base-running.—Philadelphia Times.

W. H. G. NAVA is an Irish Jew from Africa, having been born in Italy and brought up in Germany. He didn't play with the Boston Club last year, because Providence wouldn't let him, but will play with them next year, providing he is not reserved, and no other club wants him.

ONE thing to the credit of Kansas City is that she is the only city in this country of 100,000 population that has no professional baseball club. The grown people of this metropolis are too busy to sit in the sun and listen to eighteen men quarrelling with an umpire.—Kansas City Journal.

ALTOONA is a great ball town, and there is seldom a baseball match played in that place which is not witnessed by nearly a hundred people. The managers are getting rich very rapidly, and if they don't retire from the business before the close of the season it will be on account of their great greed for wealth.

IT is claimed that Seward, of the Akron, is the youngest pitcher in the arena, being only fifteen years of age. This must be a hard blow on Bobby Matthews, who prides himself on being the youngest pitcher in the profession, and parted with his mustache this season so that he might not be taken for more than thirteen.

SPORTING LIFE says: "It is easy to see why President Elliott speaks slightly of the baseball game. Professional jealousy is at the bottom of it. It costs more to hire nine baseball professors for six months than nine first-rate college professors for a year. President Elliott has mistaken his vocation, and he is mad about it."

HOLY smoke! but that Providence Star man is a terror. He gives the Boston Globe a right-hand square in the eye, as follows: "Providence leads the race, and it was not the umpire this time."—Boston Globe. So awfully funny, this baseball man of the Globe. His lugubrious jokes would add increased solemnity at a funeral.

IT is suggested that all the horses going into the Olympic Park carriage-yard at Buffalo shall be checked, to avoid the ball-players from stealing them. It is unnecessary to take such precautions in New York, as there isn't a ball-player in the city who knows how to drive a horse, even if he was clever enough to steal him.

WHAT is the matter with the Buffalo scribe? He must be working the swimming racket for nothing, as he comes out in a suggestion to the baseball patrons to go from the ball-grounds to the restaurant, as it would not only refresh them, but stimulate their appetites for supper. An ad. like this is worth a bath in beer in New York, and it is certainly worth a free wash in Buffalo.

VAN COURT, the little boy who wipes his nose on his sleeve, says he knows all about baseball, and that for eighteen years he was the best ballplayer on the face of the globe. He claims that he is perfectly competent to fill his position as League umpire, and any man who thinks he is not, he will meet at any time and place and convince him in four three-minute rounds that he is the best umpire in the known world.

JOSEPH, of Nevada, is trying to find out what has become of George Stokess, the famous baseball-player from Louisville, Ky. We reply he has retired from the diamond field, and cannot again be induced to re-enter, as his time is too much occupied with his business in this city; he being a heavy stockholder in the Western Union Telegraph Company, as well as having an interest in all the race-tracks in the vicinity of New York.

A "Sinner" from the Society has the unmitigated cheek to ask us the following question: "Which club won the League pennant of 1883?" We reply, the very wretched, the League pennant of 1883 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1884 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1885 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1886 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1887 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1888 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1889 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1890 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1891 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1892 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1893 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1894 was won by the Providence, and the very wretched, the League pennant of 1895 was won by the 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"HAMLET" HOLDS A HORSE.

HOW THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN, EDWIN BOOTH, STOPPED A MILK-WAGON, AND MADE A SUNDAY SHOW OF HIMSELF ON FIFTH AVENUE.

#### An Actor's Predicament.

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" is a petition that Edwin Booth has made with emphasis many a time when enacting Richard III. He got more horse than he wanted a few Sundays ago, while performing a courageous act, which, however, resulted for a time in his being placed in a position by no means enviable. Mr. Booth was out taking exercise, and as he came down Fifth avenue toward Madison square he noticed a spirited horse attached to a milk-wagon, dashing up Twenty-sixth street

without a driver. Fearing a possible accident, Mr. Booth rushed into the street, clutched the reins of the spirited animal close to the bit, and held on until the runaway, after a struggle, was brought to a standstill. The tragedian then looked around for the owner of the conveyance, but the milkman, failing to put in an immediate appearance, Mr. Booth led the horse to Twenty-sixth street and Fifth avenue, at the Madison square park corner, where he expected the owner would soon turn up. But the milkman did not come as soon as Mr. Booth expected. At this time the various churches



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

ANNIE DUNSCOMBE.

[Photo by Cooper, Philadelphia.]

along Fifth avenue began to let out their fashionable congregations. As many ladies and gentlemen neared Twenty-sixth street they recognized the tragedian, and soon it began to be noised about: "What on earth is Mr. Booth doing with the milk-wagon?"

The tragedian, realizing that he was the object of much attention in his strange predicament, began to exhibit considerable impatience and annoyance, but still the owner of the horse failed to show himself. Finally a gentleman who happened on the scene came to the actor's rescue, and, saluting him, took

charge of the runaway. The tragedian subsequently to a friend said that he would not like to go through a similar experience again. Holding a milkman's horse in Fifth avenue on a Sunday in full view of hundreds of fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen was, he thought, to say the least, somewhat embarrassing.

"Some day in the hence I hope to be cremated," says Kate Field. But Kate is a very superior person. Your ordinary young woman is satisfied to be ice creamed in the now



PROF. ALEX. DAVIS,

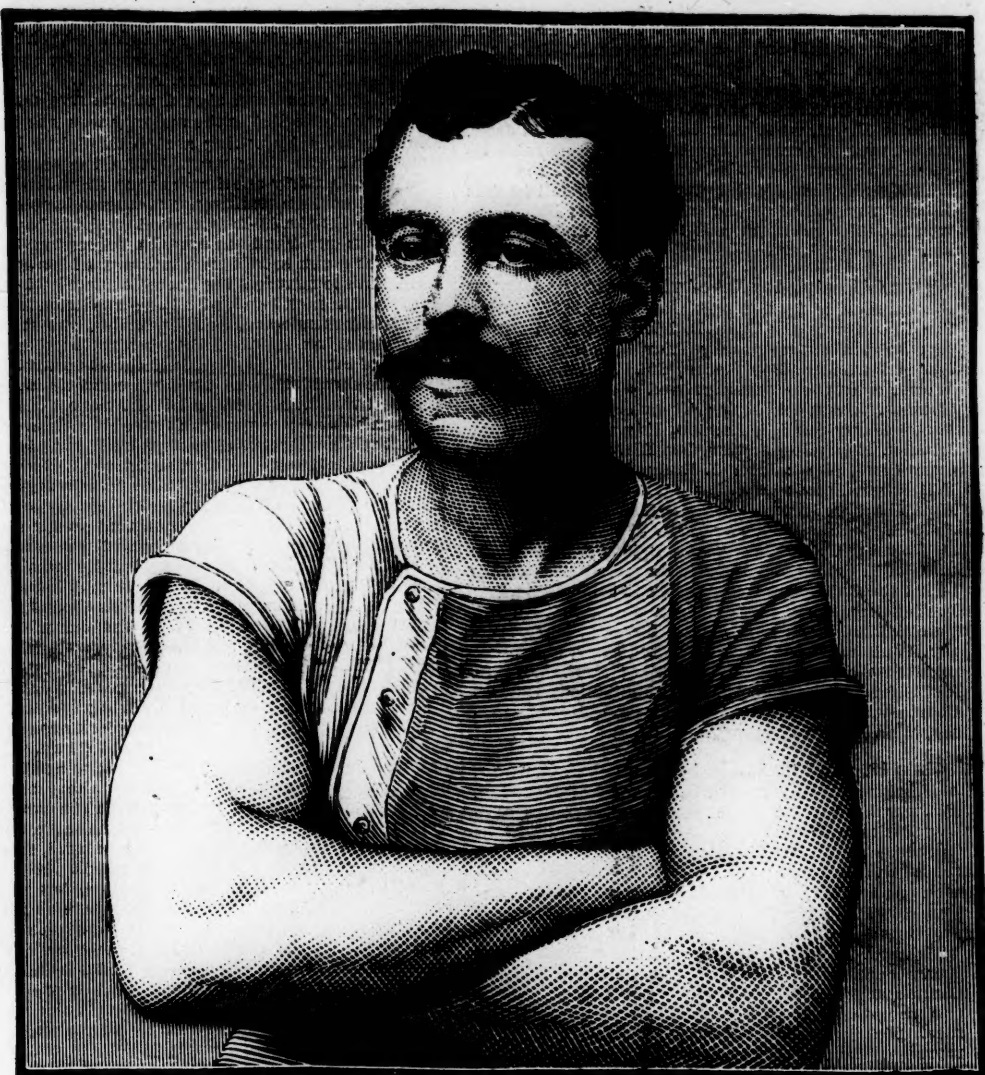
THE WELL-KNOWN VENTRILOQUIST AND HUMORIST.



HE BOSSED THE TRAIN,

BUT THE LADY PASSENGER WHO DIDN'T FEEL LIKE GETTING OFF THE PLATFORM OF THE ELEVATED ROAD BOSSED HIM.





JAMES SEELEY,

OF NEW SOUTH WALES, CHAMPION TRICK OARSMAN OF THE WORLD.

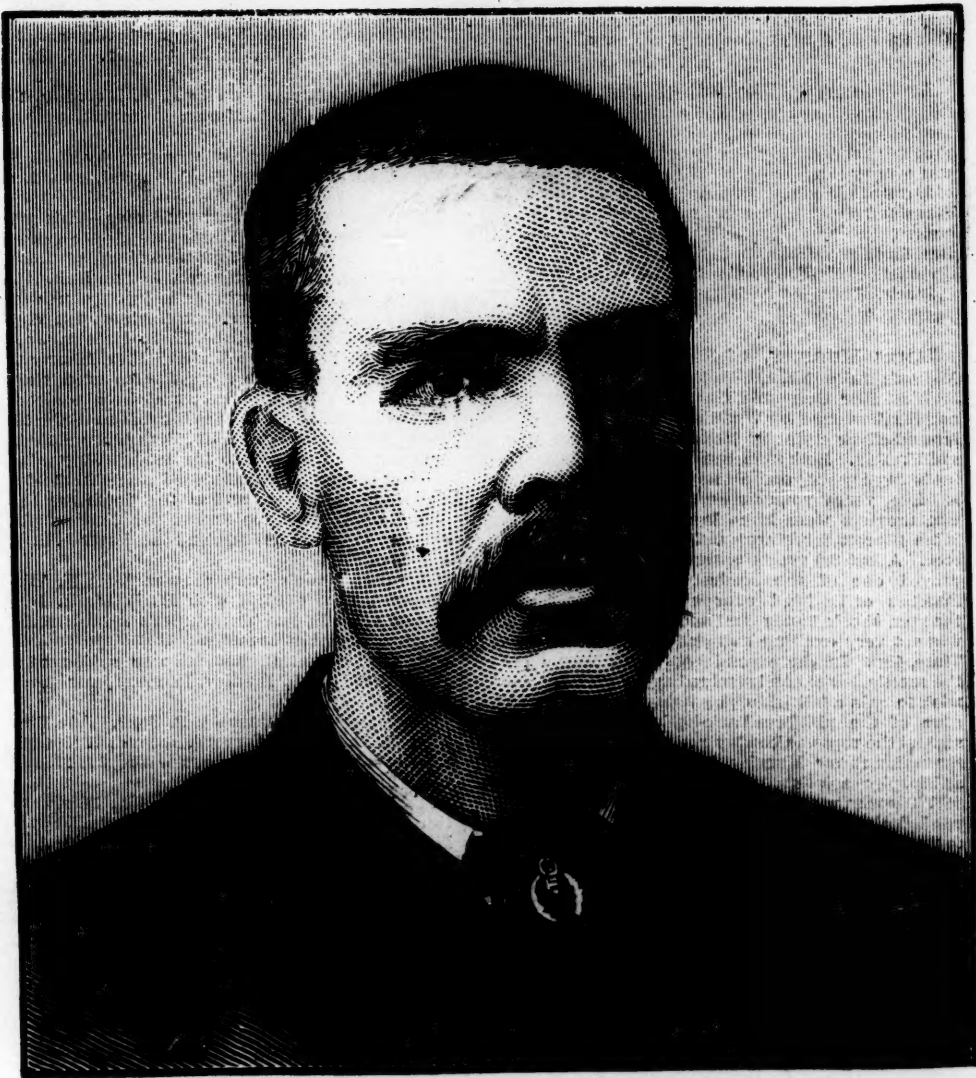
**William Beach.**

Wm. Beach, the noted Australian oarsman, whose portrait we publish this week, was beaten by Ed. A. Trickett in July, 1883, but he has since defeated Trickett three times. Beach has, on the Australian championship course, made the fastest time on record, except Hanlan's, rowing the 3 miles 330 yards in 20 minutes 44 seconds. It is expected Hanlan will measure spruces with Beach before he leaves Australia. Beach stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 170 pounds trained.

**Bound To Be a Bride.**

Miss Jellis Storm and Mr. Rudolph Claycey got on the Shenandoah Valley train at Patterson, Va., Wednesday, May 21. The girl is a pretty brunette, aged twenty-five, and Claycey is a red-headed and not handsome young man of twenty-one. They got aboard the train early,

bound for Luray to get married, as the passengers were not slow in finding out. Shortly after the train started the young man suddenly left the side of his expectant bride, and took a passenger into the corner of the coach and proceeded to inform him that he had arrived at the conclusion that he did not want to get married. He asked the passenger if he could not suggest some way by which he could get out of the dilemma. The gentleman advised him to get on the south-bound train where the two passed each other at Marksville, and in that way get out of the reach of the young lady. The passenger promised to give the deserted girl enough money to return to her home. Claycey, acting upon the suggestion, stole away undetected, and got upon the down train, and was ten miles away before the young lady discovered his desertion, and at the next station she left the train, refusing indignantly the offer of the escort and money for her return. She



WILLIAM BEACH,

THE CHAMPION OARSMAN OF AUSTRALIA.

then proceeded to walk down the track in the direction her recreant lover had taken. She reached Patterson May 23, having walked forty-seven miles. She went at once to the store in which Claycey clerked, and asked him pleasantly to step outside. The result of the conversation was that he joined her an hour afterward, and the two got on the train and went to Hagerstown, where they were married. The matter is enveloped in mystery.

**Patsy Hogan.**

A short time ago we published a portrait of Patsy Hogan, the popular sporting man of Scranton, Pa., as he appears in his store clothes, but, in obedience to the demands of his many friends who wish to see him as he looms up in battle array, we this week present his portrait in ring costume. Hogan recently fought Hubert Johnson, on May 2, at Abingdon, near Scranton. The fight lasted through forty rounds, fought in 40 minutes, when Hogan was declared the winner. Hogan stands 5 feet 4 inches, and trained in condition weighs 140 pounds.

**Canned Canine.**

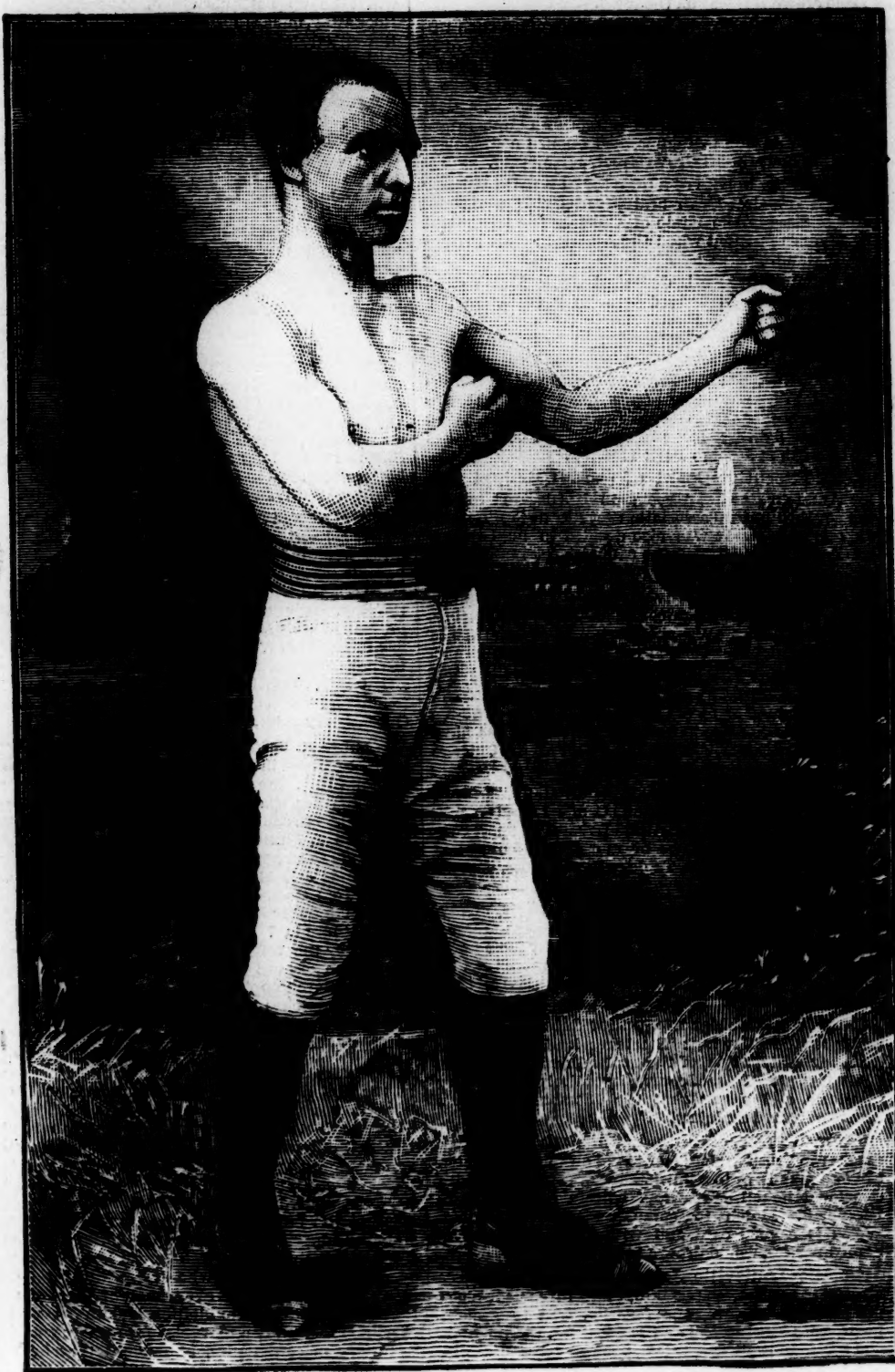
On Wednesday, May 21, Ellis Willard, a farmer, living three miles northeast of Eaton, Ohio, went to that place to purchase some groceries. Among the articles he got a two-pound can of canned beef. On his way home he opened the can and began to eat of it. He broke off a piece that did not look right, and upon examination it was found to have a coat of hair upon it which resembled that of a dog. He took the can and meat to a chemist, who pronounced it dog meat.

Mrs. AUGUSTA EDMUNDS, living with her husband and three little girls in St. Louis, got possession of her husband's razor May 25, cut her own throat and the throats of her three girls. Two of them died almost instantly. One of them and the mother are still alive, but in a critical condition. Not long ago she tried to cut her throat, but was prevented by her husband.



MAJOR,

THE CELEBRATED THOROUGHBRED BULL TERRIER, THE PROPERTY OF JOHN O'NEILL, OF PHILADELPHIA.



PATSY HOGAN,

THE NOTED LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST AND SPORTING MAN OF SCRANTON, PA.



## SPORTING NEWS.

\$1.50.

## THE POLICE GAZETTE,

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RICHARD K. FOX, 14

At Birmingham, Eng., May 26, the Australian cricket team defeated the Midland team.

HERBERT A. SLADE is on the road with a combination. Slade is eager to box Sullivan 4 rounds.

At Boston, Mass., recently, McInerney and McKay signed articles of agreement to row on the Charles river for \$500.

THE American lacrosse team defeated the Yorkshire team, at Sheffield, England, on May 26, winning by eight goals.

THE second annual field-day of the Warren Athletic Club will be held at the Warren Fair Grounds, Glen Falls, N. Y., on June 14.

WILLIAM CARNEY and Michael Riley, of Cleveland, Ohio, offer to play any two handball-players in the State of Ohio for \$500 a side.

THE best record for three standing jumps, is 30 ft 11 in, made by George W. Hamilton, of Fredonia, N. Y., at St. Helena, England, Nov. 27, 1890.

JAMES MURRAY, of Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, the well-known sport and backer of athletics, leaves on a tour West Monday, June 9.

PROF. JOHN J. FLYNN has opened the Jumbo at West Brighton, Coney Island, and intends shortly to present his patrons with a great boxing exhibition.

At the Birchfield Harriers sports, England, W. G. George ran 1,700 yards in 3m 47.25s. H. Wyatt won the mile walk in 6m 32.15s, which beats the record by 3.35s.

At Manchester, England, on May 21, the second game of the American lacrosse team in England, was played. The Lancashire, the opponents of the Americans, won, 4 to 0.

CHARLEY NORTON and Tom McAlpine's boxing exhibition, which was to have taken place at Peck's Opera House, New Haven, Conn., on May 27, was prohibited by the police.

PROF. JOHN DONALDSON, the pugilist whom John L. Sullivan defeated at Cincinnati, is bluffing at St. Paul, Minn., about fighting, but he refuses to back up his challenge with money.

JOHN H. CLARK is ready to box Charlie Norton, the light-weight champion, to a finish. A glove contest between Clark and Norton would attract a large crowd if it was on the level.

HARVARD'S oarsmen never arrange a race unless they have one end and the middle the best of it. Harvard refuses to row the Pennsylvania Collegians, because the latter can outrow them.

HIAL H. STODDARD, the Syracuse pugilist, who lately figured in glove contests with Capt. James C. Daly and John Wagner, has opened a first-class sporting house at 321 Grove street, Jersey City.

ENGLAND boasts of a quarter of a mile runner who, it is claimed, can beat Myers. He is a chemist and rejoices in the name of Cowle. The latter will be Myers' opponent when the American flyer arrives in England.

AFTER Jim Fell defeated Jack Hanley, at Omaha, he was challenged by John P. Clow, the Colorado champion, but immediately declined. He says he wants no more prize-fighting in Nebraska, where pistols beat fists.

JUDGING from the form of many of the horses entered in the Withers stakes, Pauline should win with the best of what George Lorillard will start, and Himalaya fighting for places. The Withers stakes will be run at Jerome Park meeting.

THE Executive Board of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association has decided to hold the seventh annual association regatta at Moline, Ill., July 10 and 11. It was also decided to hold the regatta of 1893 and 1894 at the same place.

EUGENE GREEN, of Marlboro, Mass., offers to wager \$100 that he can shave five men twice over quicker than any man in America. H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, is Green's backer. We should not want to be one of the subjects for the colored tonsorial artist to a rape.

BELMONT &amp; HANSON, of Denver, will back Edwards against any pedestrian in the State of Illinois, for from \$100 to \$1,000, in a six-day heel-and-toe contest, to take place in Chicago. These parties have deposited \$100 forfeit with the editor of the Chicago News.

JOHN H. STILLWELL has opened a first-class hotel at Van Sicken Station, Coney Island creek. John caters to fishing parties. Lovers of sport cannot find a pleasanter place or more genial host. His charges are moderate. Table wines, liquors, etc., all of the best.

HARRY MORGAN, the pugilist, is in Los Vegas, New Mexico. The Optic of that place says Morgan stands ready at a moment's notice to fight for a purse of money any "knocker" weighing not more than 140 lbs. He will tackle him with soft gloves, hard gloves or the naked fists.

THE Elmira Telegram, under date of May 24, publishes the following: "Steele received check to-day from Richard K. Fox, of the Police Gazette, for \$1,000, less \$62. This, of course, is entirely satisfactory to Steele, and shows that the Biosburg Register's article did Mr. Fox injustice."

JACK WELSH, of Philadelphia, who recently fought the Prussian, is eager to get on another match of 4 or 6 rounds, or to a finish, hard or soft gloves, with Charley Mitchell McCaffrey, Kilrain or McAlpine's Unknown. Match to come off in Philadelphia. Welsh is a good card, and with any of the above-named parties, would draw a big house.

At the Louisville Jockey Club races on May 24, for the Fleetwood stakes, for three-year-olds: mlie heats, Venture, the favorite, won in straight heats, with Eros second and Ergot third. Time 1:43½ and 1:47½. In the Swigert stakes, for all ages: one mile, Long Knight, the favorite, won easily by three lengths, John Henry second, Centreville a bad third. Time, 1:14.

It is reported that Tom Windom, of Hudson, and Joe Lawler fought for \$500 on May 20 in Westchester county. Lawler won in 7 rounds, lasting 23m 2s.

Who held the stakes, who were the fighters, who were the second, umpires and referee, no one knows; and what is more, there was no prize fight, but it was written for the benefit of the parties that imagine that the mythical Lawler and Windom did fight.

THE total of purses offered for the Grand Central Trotting Circuit this summer is \$132,000, or \$16,000 for each meeting. The circuit opens at Pittsburg July 15, and continues for eight successive weeks at Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Hartford, Providence and Albany.

TOM BUTLER says he knows of an amateur that will row any amateur sculler in the State of Massachusetts for any amount from \$50 to \$1,000 aside, and he (Butler) is authorized to make the match. The only stipulation is that Tom will exact from the party or parties accepting this match is that the sculler who may accept or in whose behalf the race shall be made, is that he, the sculler, shall have been for a year or more a resident of this State.

JACK GALLAGHER, heavy-weight pugilist of Kansas City, Mo., is at Creston, Iowa, training, under care of Mike Haely, his intention being to challenge the winner of the Thompson-King fight. He stands 5 ft 9½ in, weighs 218 lbs, measures across the chest 45 in; fore arm, 17 in; thigh, 24½ in; calf, 19½ in. On May 22 he fought and defeated in 1 round, lasting 3½m, John King, champion of Iowa. In July he comes East to have a go with any one, barring Sullivan.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: L. Alanzopania, Doc Baggis, Chas. W. Cappelman, Mr. Calvin, C. Duncan, F. E. Dobson, Jim Fuley, trainer; Bob Farrell, Dick Garvin, Ed. Gates, Thos. King (2), John Kinlock (2), Geo. W. Lee, Michael McCarthy, collar-maker; Matt. Moore; Ed. Moulton. Wm. Mantell; Wm. Muldoon (2), Frank Pryne, June Rankin, John Roonan, Wm. Stoops, Mlle. St. Quentin, Mlle. Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodson Frank Doumel.

THE "Police Gazette" Colored Baseball Club, under the management of P. L. Jacobs, have started on a tour through the Eastern States, where they will give exhibitions and meet all local clubs in the principal cities. Appended is a list of players and their respective positions: H. Carter, catcher; A. Tobias, pitcher; B. Smith, short stop; H. Woodson, first base; Sam Bea, second base; H. Shaw, third base; A. Smith, left field; Geo. Howard, right field; P. L. Jacobs, center field.

At Minneapolis, Minn., baseball grounds, June 7, the following games will be held, and valuable prizes offered: 100-yard run for the Northwest championship; one-quarter mile run; one-mile run for the Northwest championship; one-mile walk for persons who have never beaten 8m 30s; 120-yard hurdle race; 10 hurdles 3 feet high; one-mile bicycle race; pole-leaping (high); running high jump; running long jump; standing long jump; running hop, step and jump; putting 16-pound shot; throwing 16-pound hammer.

On May 26 Mitchell and Cleary met at the Ashland House, and after a long argument, they agreed to spar 4 three-minute rounds on July 1, at Madison Square Garden, the spoils to be divided equally. Jack Welsh, who fought William Sheriff, is training Mike Cleary at Oak Point, and Charles Mitchell will take up his quarters at Abe Carson's, at Far Rockaway, under the mentorship of Charley Barsley, Rowell's trainer. It is understood that Billy Edwards will act as second for Cleary and Billy Madden for Mitchell.

AL. SMITH, the popular sporting man, arrived in this city on May 28. He brought back enough money to start a bank. Smith said: "The Sullivan Combination started out on September 26 1893, and has been on the road just eight months, having appeared in 300 cities, at each of which the standing offer of \$1,000 to the man who could stand up for 4 three-minute rounds before the champion was made, and although many accepted the offer they wished they had not. We have made a profit of \$100,000 in round figures."—N. Y. Daily News.

THE John L. Sullivan combination appeared at Toledo, in White's Hall, on May 21. In one of the dressing-rooms sat John L. Sullivan and his formidable rival, Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland. The close proximity of the men gave the spectators ample chance to judge of their physical exterior and compare them. Thompson seemed the larger and better-shaped man, though having his left arm in a sling. Sullivan looked more the prize-fighter, and seemed better developed in those parts which go to make up a pugilist. Sullivan boxed with Florrie Barnett.

ED. HARNETTY, the English pugilist who recently arrived here, was born in County Cork, Ireland, on Easter Sunday, 1874. When but six weeks old his parents removed to London, Eng., where he has ever since resided. In 1890, at the age of twenty, he entered the ring, first encountering Frank Devine, over whom he gained an easy victory. He again met Devine a few months later, winning this fight, lasting but 20m. He next fought Peter Breslin in a room in London for £25 a side, Breslin winning in 27 rounds. Next fought and was beaten by Charles Mitchell in 3 rounds, Queensberry rules, at Chelsea Bars, London.

WILLIAM ENGLAND, the heavy-weight pugilist, who arrived in this country on May 24, was born in Norfolk, Eng., the same place where Jim Mace came from, and has sparred with all the best pugilists in England. He came here with the intention of meeting John L. Sullivan, if a match can be arranged. England is a strapping big man, twenty-eight years of age, stands 5 ft 10½ in high and weighs 200 lbs. He fought Tom Goodson 8 rounds, lasting 32m, and won. He then fought "Sugar" Goodson, a brother of Tom, and beat him in 7 rounds, lasting 28m. England was stopped by the referee in the Madden tournament in London on account of his fighting instead of boxing. He holds the championship at weight-carrying, having won two matches by shouldering 224 lbs and winning at 1 mile.

JERRY DUNN's protegee, Carlos Martino, the Spaniard, gave an exhibition of his wonderful strength at the Union Athletic Park, Cincinnati, on May 23. Two horses were brought into the field, and the brawny athlete stepped between them, catching hold of the whiffletrees, one in each hand. The animals were whipped up, but the strong man was equal to the task assigned him, and he actually pulled one of the horses backward with him. His magnificent physique was a matter of admiration, the muscles in his arms standing out like great cords during the ordeal through which he passed. There were a number of spectators in the crowd who had witnessed feats of other "strong men," but every man of them admitted that nothing like that exhibition had they ever seen. Martino is certainly a marvel. Jerry Dunn, who acted as master of ceremonies, announced that he would match Martino to wrestle any man for \$500 a side.

THE following was received from a correspondent in Melbourne, last week:

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, April 23.

Prof. Wm. Miller's mother died here on Sunday. The famous athlete is laid up in the hospital. His

ankle was broken in a match here with Donald Dinnie. Miller's mother left a large property, which was willed to him. Miller had lost the wrestling championship previous to the Dinnie match. At the Theatre Royal, Sydney, Miller and Edward Blackburn wrestled for £200 and the championship. Both athletes some time ago wrestled in the Victoria Hall here, the best of three falls, when Miller was the victor. Then Blackburn and Thomas met Miller in the Theatre Royal, when the match ended in a draw. On the present occasion the conditions were catch-as-catch-can above the waist, with the use of the legs, tripping allowed. Miller won the first fall in 4m; Blackburn won the second fall in 7m 30s; Blackburn won the third fall in 9m, and the fourth and match in 6m.

THE following is a list of visitors to the POLICE GAZETTE office for the past week: Phil. H. Kerby, San Francisco, Cal.; Chas. B. Hazleton, Jack Dempsey, John Courtney, Jerry Murphy, Jimmy Kelly, James Patterson, Bob Smith, Ed. Mallehan; Wm. Welsh, champion swimmer and pedestrian, and E. Thomas, Liverpool, Eng.; Thomas Walker, Henry Lange, Harry Sandys, London, Eng.; Ted Harnetty, London, Eng.; Joe Fowler, Gus Hill; Chas. Address, Great Bend, Kan.; John J. Duffy, Steele McCarthy, Fall River, Mass.; Capt. Jas. C. Daly, A. J. Rogers; Hon. Wm. P. Kirk, President Board of Aldermen; John S. Cunningham, Pay Dept. U. S. Navy; Dr. L. C. Thomas; Col. Knox, Texas Springs; S. Max East, of F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co.; Dr. Chiches, of the Chichester Chemical Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; D. Kelleher, Hugh McCov, John Hammond, Aug. F. Tuohill, Prof. J. H. Laflin, Wm. Moore; Henry Murray, Foreman Engine No. 7; Mike Cleary, champion middle-weight pugilist of America; Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, F. A. Dudley, Geo. Fulljames; Charles Courtney, oarsman; James Pliskington, Mike Dempsey, Wm. Borst; Richard J. Nagle, St. John, N. B.

THE 130-yard foot-race between P. J. Cannon, of Freeland, and Harry Lewis, formerly of Hazleton, Pa., was decided in a satisfactory manner at Lee Trotting Park on May 29. The match was arranged at Wilkesbarre on April 5, when articles of agreement were signed. James Smith, the ex-champion pedestrian, trained Lewis, while Billy Barlow, of Philadelphia, trained Cannon. The fact that Cannon was a native of Ireland and Lewis a Welshman created quite a spirit of rivalry and heavy speculation, the Irishmen backing Cannon and the Welshmen backing Lewis. Nearly two thousand persons assembled to witness the race. Richard K. Fox appointed Wm. E. Harding to represent him and fill the position of referee, and the final deposit was posted with the POLICE GAZETTE representative on the day of the race, Peter McManus posting \$200 for Cannon at his sporting house in Market street, Wilkesbarre, and Lewis' money being staked by himself at his sporting house, 25 Canal street. The race was to have been decided between 2 and 3 P. M., but a delay occurred by the referee insisting that the track should be made 150 yards in length, according to the articles of agreement. While the track was being laid out there was heavy betting, and nearly \$2,000 was wagered before the men came to the mark. Among the noted sporting men present were J. J. O'Toole, Hon. T. A. Higgins, P. J. Reardon, T. J. O'Neill, M. A. Loftus, Dan Sweeney, J. Titman, and W. W. Lewis, the boniface of the Lewis House, Main street, Shenandoah; John J. Matthias and Peter McAnnally, Mahanoy City; Austin Harvey, of Freeland Cannon's backer; W. J. Rhoads and George Branson, of Philadelphia; and George Johns, of Hazleton, Lewis' backer. The start was by mutual consent, and the pedestrians tossed for sides and ends, and Cannon won. Lewis then offered to bet \$100 that he would win, and Cannon accepted, and the \$200 was deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE representative, which made the stakes \$1,200. Jim Smith attended Lewis on the mark and Billy Barlow attended Cannon. At the finish Councilman Michael J. Meehan was judge for Cannon and John Thomas for Lewis. After thirty-three false starts both pedestrians left their marks, and Cannon went to the front. At a terrific pace both ran, and at 75 yards Lewis drew level with Cannon, and at 100 yards passed him and kept in front and won the race. The referee at once mounted the hotel veranda and decided that Lewis won the race and stakes by 7 ft, in 12½s. On May 31 Richard K. Fox forwarded the \$1,000 stakes to Lewis.

At Chicago, on the 29th ult., in the international clay pigeon tournament, the team shooting for the international championship was concluded, the shooting being at double pigeons. The championship was won by the Exeter (N. H.) team with a total score of 93 out of a possible 100 in the two days' shooting. The Cleveland (Ohio) team came second with 69. The Worcester (Mass.) and Cincinnati teams each had 55; the Bradford (Pa.) No. 2, and Chicago teams, 51. The individual championship diamond badge was won by M. C. Stark, of Exeter, N. H., with a score of 16 out of a possible 20.

JAMES MURPHY, of Fairfield, Vt., John McMahon's Unknown, and Paddy Crowley, of Brooklyn, at West Side Germania Hall, Twenty-seventh street and Sixth avenue, on Wednesday, May 23, wrestled collar-and-elbow style in jackets for \$200 held by Richard K. Fox. Both men are about one height. Crowley is twenty-six years old and weighs 193 lbs. Murphy is five years younger and about 15 lbs lighter. The umpires were Mike Donahue for Crowley, and Mike Barrett for Murphy. John McMahon was referee. About 300 sports witnessed the contest, which proved one of the hardest and longest-contested matches of its kind ever witnessed. At 9 o'clock the men shook hands and took hold. The first bout was not very exciting and ended in Crowley's favor. Time, 45m. In the second bout both men were on the mettle, tugged and strained and used every known trick to gain a fall. Murphy twice ran Crowley to the edge of the platform back-heeled, and threw him against the ropes. Crowley rallied, and four times in succession threw Murphy, but without gaining a fall, as Murphy each time turned on his side, saving himself. The men wrestled in coats—not the regulation canvas jackets—which gave out here. Others were generously supplied by some of the audience. The violence of the struggle had so weakened the platform on which they wrestled, McMahon ordered the men to the floor, where the struggle was continued. Space being cleared among the benches, at 11:27, the men again took hold. Murphy seemed about used out. His breathing came fast and labored. He made one grand rally, tried to back-heel Crowley, failed, and was thrown squarely on his back. The time occupied in wrestling was over 3h. Considerable money was wagered. Capt. Tuohill and several others came away a \$100 or so ahead. The winner, Paddy Crowley, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1859. He came to this country seven years ago and settled in Connecticut, where he last summer defeated one Crane, of Maugatrik, for the championship of said State. Several weeks ago he defeated P. J. King, of

Staten Island, in a match for \$500 aside. He is at present a resident of Brooklyn, where he is proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Shades, at 385 Graham avenue, the finest sporting-house in the Eastern District.

DONALD DINNIE met Prof. Miller, the well-known Australian, in a trial of strength for a stake of \$100 recently, at Melbourne, Australia. It was arranged that each man should choose five feats, and that he who excelled in the majority won the match. Dinnie started by taking a 25-lb dumb-bell in each hand, and lifting them upward from the shoulders at arm's length thirty-one times in succession. Miller only managed fourteen, and his opponent scored a point. Both men then lifted a 100-lb dumb-bell straight above their heads with one hand ten times in succession, but the point was given to Miller on account of his superior style. In the next feat the Scotch athlete held a 25-lb dumb-bell in each hand, with the arms extended from the shoulders outward, for 12½s, Miller, who followed, only managing 12½s. Miller having increased the weight of his one-arm dumb-bell to 110 lbs, tossed it from the shoulder above his head nine times, while Dinnie twice in succession failed at the eighth try, the men being now even with two points each. After a short rest a weight of 120 lbs was lifted exactly in the same way six times by Miller, and seven times by Dinnie, who was loudly cheered. This point was given to Miller on account of his more legitimate style of lifting, and there could be no doubt that as far as arm strength in pushing a weight upward was concerned he was the superior man, as he lifted the mass of iron without the slightest jerk. Dinnie then rolled out two heavy bells joined together with a bar about 3 ft long, the lot weighing 200 lbs. Catching the bar with both hands he lifted this above his head seven times in succession, but Miller declined to attempt the feat, to the evident dissatisfaction of the audience. He explained afterward that while in practice during the week he had kicked his back, and that the jerk necessary in this style of practice would have disabled him. Miller having gained the superiority with the one-hand dumb-bell, kept increasing the weight for the remaining trials, while Dinnie did the same with the two-hand weights, the climax being reached when the Australian lifted 150 lbs above his head with one hand, and his opponent put up 20 lbs with both hands. Miller declined throughout to try this practice, but Dinnie pluckily struggled through the one-arm exercise, although being disqualified in every instance on account of his style. One of the most interesting feats of the night was one in which Dinnie lifted a 230-lb dumb-bell above his head with both hands, and afterward supported it for at least 5s with the right arm alone. The result was that each had won at his own practice and that the match so far was undecided. It was finally arranged that the men should decide it by a trial of one-arm lifting, each adopting his own style. Miller accordingly put up 170 lbs, but Dinnie failed three times in succession, and the match was accordingly won by the Australian.

At the annual games of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, held in New York on May 24, several great performances were made by the college athletes. The competitions are held annually to decide the collegiate championships, and this year, as for three previous ones, Harvard won the silver cup emblematic of the premiership. The most startling surprise at the meeting was the defeat of H. S. Brooks, of Yale College, champion amateur of America for two years, at 220 yards, he having defeated L. E. Myers on both occasions for the title. Four records were broken in the games. They all beat the best previous college records, and three of them—the 150 yards, 220 yards and high jump—are the best in America for amateurs. The results arrived at are as follows: One hundred yards run in three trials and a final heat. It was finally won by H. S. Brooks, Jr., Yale, in 10 1-15s, with W. Baker, Harvard, second by a foot.

A two-mile bicycle race in three heats and a final was won by L. P. Hamilton, Yale, with C. A. Reed, Columbia, second. The winner's time was 6m 43 1-5s. The college record is 6m 48s.

A one-mile run was won, after a desperate struggle, by R. Farles, University of Pennsylvania, in 4m 45 1-5s. H. L. Mitchell, Yale, was second in 4m 47 1-5s.

A running broad jump was won by O. Bodelsen, Columbia, at 21 ft 3½ in, he beating the college record of 21 ft 11 in. A. G. Fell, Princeton, was second, at 20 ft 11½ in.

A quarter-mile run was won by W. H. Goodwin, Harvard, in 52 3-5s, with C. Smith, Columbia, second, in 53 1-5s.

Putting the shot.—This contest was won by Dio Reckart, Columbia, at 36 ft 3¾ in. J. H. Briggs, Yale, was second, at 35 ft 8 in.

A mile walk was won by E. A. Meredith, Yale, in 7m 33 1-5s. R. V. A. Norris, Columbia, was second, in 7m 50 3-5s.

A pole-vaulting contest was won by H. L. Hodge, Princeton, at 9 ft, with H. F. Mandel, second, at 8 ft 6 in.

Two hundred and twenty yard race.—This was the event of the meeting. It was intended to run off two trial heats, but as only four men signified their intentions of competing it was run in one heat. It was a grand race, and the winner is justly entitled to the title of champion. The four starters were H. W. N. Phillips, of Union College, H. S. Brooks, Jr., Yale, C. F. Odell, Yale, and Wendell Baker, Harvard. The race was run on the straight. An even start was effected by the pistol-firer, and Brooks at once assumed the lead. He kept to the fore until the 150-yard point, which was passed in 15½s. Then Baker drew up even and went on to the lead at 200 yards, when Brooks quit and Baker finished alone in 22 2-5s. The time at the 150 yards and at the finish are the best American records, the former supplanting W. Craig Wilmer's record of 15 2-5s, and the latter L. E. Myers' record of 22½s.

A running high jump was won by C. H. Atkinson, Harvard, at 5 ft 9¾ in, with H. L. Clark, Harvard, second at 5 ft 8¾ in. The winner's record is the best amateur record in America.

R. H. Mulford (Columbia) won a 120-yard hurdle race in 19½s; J. D. Bradley, Harvard, was second by 2 yards.

Throwing the hammer.—A. B. Cox, Yale, first, 83 ft 2 in; E. E. Allen, Harvard, second, 77 ft ¼ in. The winner is a veritable Jumbo, standing 6 ft 2 in tall, and weighing 270 lbs.

Half-mile run.—W. H. Goodwin, Jr., Harvard, first, time, 2m 5½s; C. Smith, Columbia, second, by 3 yards. It was an easy win for Goodwin, although Smith made a most determined battle for first place.

A tug-of-war on cleats for teams of four men was won by Harvard, who beat Lehigh University by 13 in in the final heat. In the trial heats Harvard beat Cornell by 1 ft 6 in, Columbia had a walk over, Lehigh beat Lafayette College by 8 in, and Yale had a bye. The results of the second round brought Harvard and Lehigh together, with the result as above.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

## ADVANTAGEOUS IN DYSPEPSIA.

Dr. G. V. DORSEY, Plaquemine, Ohio, says: "I have used it in dyspepsia with very marked benefit. If there is deficiency of acid in the stomach, nothing affords more relief, while the action on the nervous system is decidedly beneficial."









THE ELEMENTS AGAINST THEM.

THE REFEREE ORDERING THE POSTPONEMENT OF THE COURTNEY AND ROSS RACE OWING TO THE ROUGH WATER—COURTNEY BLAMED AND THREATENED WITH MOB LAW.

[From Sketches by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.]